

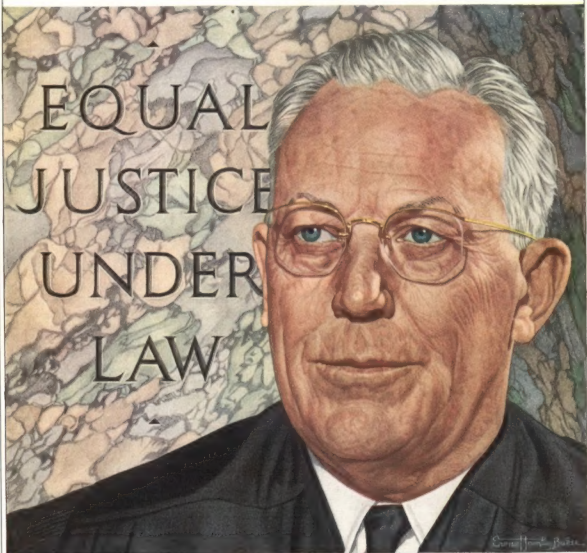
TWENTY CENTS

DECEMBER 21, 1953

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EQUAL
JUSTICE
UNDER
LAW



CHIEF JUSTICE WARREN
Is the Constitution color-blind?

\$6.00 A YEAR

(RSC, U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXII, NO. 25



Above: the Belvedere four-door sedan. There are three new 1954 Plymouth lines of cars—the BELVEDERE, the SAVOY, and the PLAZA.

Beautiful! Twice as much fun to drive! Even more value!

NEW '54 PLYMOUTH

In the longer 1954 Plymouth you'll find sparkling new "Color-Tuned" Styling, accented with a new range of glowing, gem-like colors. And, to outstanding performance, this Hy-Style new Plymouth adds even greater motoring pleasure! With the comfort of the famous Truly Balanced ride, you now can enjoy the ease and safety of full-time POWER STEERING, and the convenience of HY-DRIVE No-SHIFT DRIVING!

Your first few moments behind the wheel will acquaint you with many of the value features that

Plymouth alone offers in the low-price field: for example, the sure, precise braking you get from two hydraulic brake cylinders in both front wheels (where competitive cars have only one), and the low hood silhouette that lets you see more of the road ahead. You'll discover new comfort, too, in Plymouth's new Dual Flex "spring on spring" seat construction.

Your Plymouth dealer will be glad to arrange a thrilling demonstration of the new 1954 Plymouth for you. Why not call or visit him today?

Tune in Medallion Theatre every week on CBS-TV. See TV page of your newspaper for time and station.



Hy-Drive lets you drive without shifting, yet with complete control for all driving situations. And Hy-Drive always gives you quick, quiet, smooth acceleration!



Plymouth's new Power Steering is full-time — "on duty" every mile you drive. It makes parking almost effortless; takes the work out of steering to give you steady, safe control.



These superbly fashioned Belvedere interiors are "Color-Tuned" with rich new upholstery fabrics and a new material with the feel and pliability of leather.

Plymouth-Chrysler Corporation's No. 1 Car



Hy-Drive and Power Steering
each available at low extra cost



Christmas is a Little Doll

Soon it will be the night before Christmas. And many an excited little girl will be nestled all snug in her bed, to dream of sleigh bells and a cuddly doll beneath a tree.

Santa Claus is such a jolly fellow that he wouldn't want to miss anyone. But it could happen and that would be very sad indeed.

So again this year, telephone girls in many communities will be helping Santa get around. For weeks they have been spending their spare time dressing dolls for little girls.

Throughout the country thousands of other Bell System men and women are collecting baskets of food, candy, toys and dollars for those less fortunate than themselves.

And remembering their co-workers in the armed services with the letters and holiday packages that are so extra-special when a young fellow is far away from home.

To all of you, from all of us in the telephone business, we send best wishes for a joyous and reverent Christmas.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Local to serve the community. NATIONWIDE to serve the nation.



SANTA'S HELPERS

Some of the dolls from telephone employees in just one city. Rag dolls, fancy dolls, teddy bears and pandas — dolls of every kind and shape — to help put joy in many a Christmas stocking.



America's



New Railroad

Looking ahead on the Santa Fe

You've been reading a lot this year about things that make and keep the Santa Fe "America's New Railroad."

New cars, new locomotives, new yards, new tracks, new communication methods, new streamliners and new freight services.

So it goes, day-after-day, on the Santa Fe—this building new. For only by constantly building and rebuilding can a railroad stay new and ready for the future.

So it will be in '54 and in the years ahead—with important new projects like these now under way:

NEW CHIEF TO SAN FRANCISCO . . . In early '54 a whole new streamlined train—the *San Francisco Chief*—from Chicago to the Golden Gate in 47½ hours, via the San Joaquin Valley through the colorful Southwest Indian Country.

NEW RAILROAD TO DALLAS . . . 48.5 miles of it. Now being planned to provide direct mainline service to shorten time and mileage for passengers and freight between Dallas and Chicago and points in Oklahoma, Kansas and the Midwest.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS ALL ALONG THE LINE . . . Little things, big things—all things that are important to the people who ship and ride on "America's New Railroad."

The millions of dollars this newness costs Santa Fe doesn't cost you a single penny in the taxes you pay.

* * * *

All these things help to provide better service for Santa Fe patrons. They inspire Santa Fe people—the men and women whose thoughts, ideas and physical efforts are what make the operation of "America's New Railroad" possible.

But their feeling for their railroad goes much deeper. It's a combination of things—a great respect for tradition, mixed with equal respect for the daring it has taken to break with tradition. It's a sharing of the "let's-do-it-better" spirit that keeps the Santa Fe growing *newer* every day.



**PROGRESS THAT
PAYS ITS OWN WAY**

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the power you bought!

In FAIR WEATHER or foul
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you want a dependable, smooth-
running engine. To reduce
damaging friction and cut
costly repair bills, treat your
engine to a brand of 100%
pure Pennsylvania motor oil.

ASK for a brand of

100% Pure PENNSYLVANIA Motor Oil

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania



LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir:

... There can be only one choice—Sir Edmund Hillary, the man who got to the top.

PATRICK BARNES

Tripoli, Libya

Sir:

... It is very difficult to forecast your possible selection this year, because no outstanding figure emerged during the year. Eisenhower, Brownell, McCarthy, Adenauer, Pope Pius XII (he is always in the running because the Roman Catholic Church does most to counteract Communism), Malenkov, Truman, and the ghost of Harry Dexter White are all possible selections. ... Somehow, I can already see Joe McCarthy's face staring at me from your first issue in 1954.

FINBARR M. SLATTERY

Asdee, County Kerry, Ireland

Sir:

Nominate anyone—except Harry S. Truman or Joseph McCarthy.

R. N. POWELL

Mobile, Ala.

Sir:

Either of two men deserves the title ... Chancellor Konrad Adenauer [or] Lieut. General Kodendara S. Thimayya ...

SANDRA MALLIN

Vedado, Havana, Cuba

Sir:

How about the Pitdown Man?

ELLEN ANDREWS

New York City

Sir:

... Ramon Magsaysay of the Philippines ...

WILLIAM MAKINSON

Ellicott City, Md.

Sir:

... Mr. Dick Tracy ... Here is a man who has contributed his all.

MURRY GORDON

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

... The prisoner of war, both categories: Allied, with in overwhelming numbers, in spite of months of insistent propaganda,

demanding repatriation; Chinese and North Korean, who in overwhelming numbers, with no organized program of propaganda, demanded repatriation.

History is likely to show that this is one of the decisive events of modern times. It has given the free world a victory infinitely more important than have been the reconquest of all North Korea.

(THE REV.) PAUL G. BRETSCHER
New Orleans

Smoking Too Many?

Sir:

Cut down to six cigarettes a day [TIME, Nov. 30] ... Thank goodness I have Blue Cross and kept my G.I. life insurance! ...

GEORGE WRIGHT

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Sir:

All doctors will applaud your courageous and pertinent article on cigarette smoking. This should effectively confound the "unnamed specialists" ... who report via TV and radio that there are no harmful effects to the cigarette smoker ... Cancer is but one of many possible results under present investigation by groups throughout the country ... While it is probably true that suburban or city dwellers are in general heavier smokers than those in rural areas, no true conclusion can be reached until a frank appraisal of the grave problem of air pollution can be made.

ROBT. B. MARIN, M.D.

Montclair, N.J.

Sir:

... You ask—what to do about it? You fail to mention the obvious way ... Stop smoking! ...

TIBBS MAXEY

Louisville, Ky.

Sir:

... The American Cancer Society through its volunteers is undertaking the most extensive survey ever envisaged in this field. The complete smoking histories of more than 200,000 males throughout the U.S. between the ages of 50 and 69 will be recorded in detail ... The health histories of each of them will be followed for at least five years. At the end of that time, or possibly before, we should be able to correlate the relationship

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IN THE YEAR from the creation of the world,



when in the beginning God created heaven & earth,
five thousand, one hundred & ninety-nine;

From the flood, two thousand, nine hundred & fifty-seven;

From the birth of Abraham, two thousand, five hundred & ten;

From the anointing of King David, one thousand & thirty-two;

In the sixty-fifth week according to the prophecy of Daniel;

In the one hundred & ninety-fourth Olympiad;

In the year seven hundred & fifty-two

from the founding of the city of Rome;

In the fifty-second year of the empire of Octavian Augustus,

when the whole world was at peace;

In the sixth age of the world,

JESUS CHRIST, eternal God, and Son of the eternal Father...

Is born in Bethlehem of Juda, having become man of the Virgin Mary.



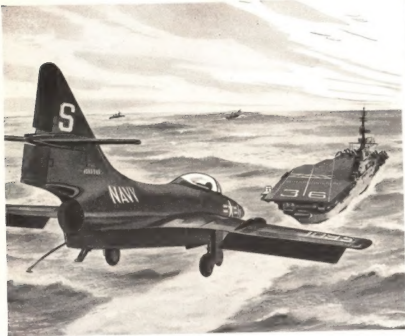
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IN TOUCH BY VOICE—Raytheon's PRC-6, rugged military transmitter-receiver, also provides communications at the world's leading news & sporting events.

between their smoking histories and the extent of lung cancer among the smokers and non-smokers . . .

CHARLES S. CAMERON, M.D.
American Cancer Society, Inc.
New York City

Scrambled Geography

Sir:

A most interesting map of the U.S.S.R. in the Nov. 30 issue. When did Norway annex Sweden? . . . The Swedes won't be happy, and I doubt very much that the Norwegians will be . . .

ROBERT W. HAYS

Stockholm

Sir:

How is TIME going to redeem itself in the eyes of my Norwegian wife for moving Norway over into Sweden, as shown by R. M. Chapin Jr.? . . .

DAVID G. KUNZ

Huntingdon, Pa.

Sir:

Junior's mistake? . . .

W. SMITH

Montreal

¶ A slip of the peninsula.—Ed.

The Muzhik Master

Sir:

A philosopher is one who is capable of making distinctions. TIME can well be placed in that category [with] its article on *Vydizhenets* Khrushchev [Nov. 30], which brought to light a distinction that the Ukrainian people staunchly and vigorously uphold . . . You have rendered these people great justice by rightly acknowledging them as a nation not to be confused with Russia . . . a distinction which surpasses the attention . . . of many a statesman. TIME alone . . . has understood precisely that the Ukrainians . . . are truly "proud of their mother tongue, and do have a national pride that centuries of conflict . . . have not dimmed but glorified." The Turks were not able to root out this national pride, neither were the Poles, nor the Germans, and neither will the Soviet (much less Khrushchev!) . . .

ANATOLE LESYK

Montreal

Sir:

Re your picture of the Soviet leaders lined up on the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum: How could anyone—such as many liberals, artists, intellectuals, and so forth—be so glibly as to think that that line of fat porkies . . . could be sincerely and conscientiously interested in the welfare of the masses of people on the earth? . . .

BURKE MCGINTY

Terrell, Texas

Ruffled Hens

Sir:

For lively, accurate, terse presentation of the news, TIME is, unquestionably, the most. But why does your otherwise astute editor persist in using the word "newshen" to identify feminine members of the press? That innocuous but distasteful little noun suggests a fussy old dodo, a far from true description of the hardworking, able newswoman . . .

JEAN SHRYOCK

The Evening Bulletin
Philadelphia

Sir:

I'd like to have a little talk with you about that coined word "newshen" . . . It brings to mind a picture of a lot of scratching, much of it useless, accompanied by con-

siderable clucking. (Maybe women do talk a lot, but I know newspapermen who do most of the talking in an interview, too.) In a small survey conducted by myself (and therefore not authoritative): I found no newspaperwomen who liked being called newshens.

Also, if newshen is supposed to be female for newshawk—well, you should call the fellow in charge of hawks at the Museum of Natural History. He says . . . the word falcon once was the English term for the female hawk. However, falconry now covers a family of hunting hawks, and a female hawk is simply called a female hawk. So futrely, if male reporters are to be known in TIME as newshawks, let's refer to the opposite species as female newshawks . . .

JANE C. GRANT

New York City

¶ Fie on Readers Shryock and Grant (married name: Mrs. William B. Harris), president of Manhattan's Lucy Stone League,* for such an unflattering picture of the female of the species.—ED.

Rubens' Dove

Sir:

You have given us a most beautiful picture in Rubens' "Holy Family with the Dove" [Nov. 30]. In ancient paintings of religious life the dove represented the Holy Ghost, and the Bible says: "And whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever shall speak against the Holy Spirit, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in that which is to come . . ." Yet in this wonderful painting we see the Christ Child and John the Baptist fighting over the dove, and John has pulled a handful of feathers from it! . . . Joseph and Mary look on approvingly; indeed, Joseph appears delighted . . .

JOHN KENNY

Victoria, B.C.

A Tired Portuguese

Sir:

I would like to add a few remarks to your objective report on the Portuguese elections [Nov. 16]. Salazar is not an admirable man. His success lies in a simple method: he is benevolent to his big boys in their big business (a necessary evil, he thinks), uses much of the national revenue in the maintenance of the elements of the system's machinery—the army, the state police, censorship, the Catholic Church, the corporative agencies, the União Nacional (Government's Party) and the propaganda bureaus. With a few hundred thousand collaborationists, dependent on the regime, he keeps the other part of the people impotent. But this is his "victory": in exchange for fiscal stability, the Portuguese people have lost much of their vitality and personality. As a result of 27 years of well-masked dictatorship, the Portuguese people are now tired and skeptical and would adapt themselves to a reactionary king or a Communist dictator. For this "victory" we democrats will never forgive him . . . Like many other Portuguese youths trained by Mocidade Portuguesa (Portuguese Youth State Organization), I was supposed to be an obedient servant. If I am not one, it is thanks to TIME and a few foreign books that helped me in my search for truth . . .

JOÃO SILVA

Mozambique

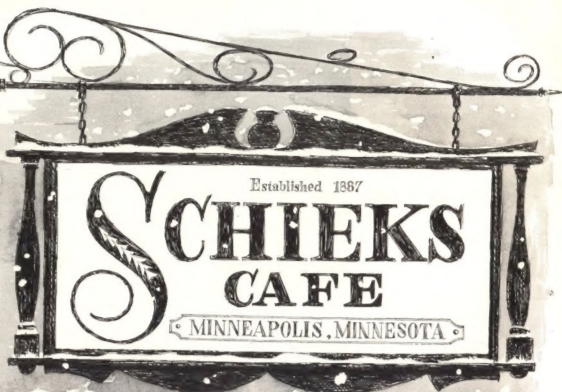
* Whose married members, faithfully obeying the rules set down by their 19th century leader Lucy Stone ("the morning star of the woman's rights movement"), never use their husbands' names.

Shalimar Perfume \$8, \$14, \$25, \$45, plus tax

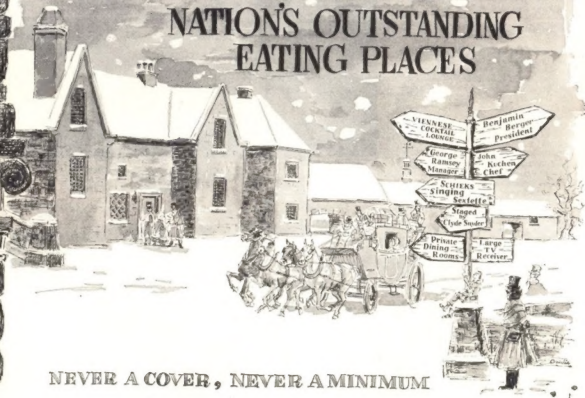
Guerlain
Parfumeur

Shalimar, Vol de Nuit, L'Heure Bleue,
Mitsouko, L'Or, Fleur de Feu.



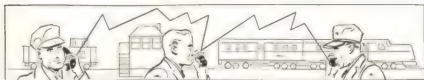


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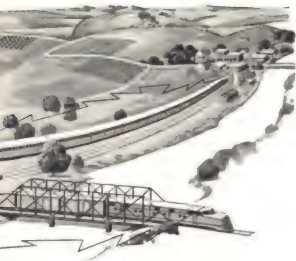


A good way to run a railroad!

Bendix Radio has helped many leading railroads streamline operations and improve service to shippers and passengers. Officially known as Bendix C.R.C.—Centralized Radio Control—it lets dispatchers talk to any train crew, conductors talk to engineers or another train or wayside station; emergencies can be made known immediately; freight classifications speeded; single tracks can handle larger volume both ways; unscheduled stops for information are eliminated. Bendix Radio communications systems are also widely used in industry, by police and fire departments, taxi and*

bus operators and trucking systems.

The big picture of Bendix shows twenty-five manufacturing divisions manned by over six thousand engineers and researchers working with and producing hundreds of different products for nearly every basic industry. Bendix business philosophy is planned diversity backed by talent experienced in every branch of industrial science. Bendix makes, for example, a very fine coaster brake for bicycles; it also works with guided missiles and in nuclear physics. A look at the partial list of divisions and products at the right will give you a more comprehensive idea of Bendix diversity.



We believe Bendix experience can contribute, perhaps vitally, to some phase of your particular business. Who knows—maybe a chronic problem bottlenecking one of your operations was licked by Bendix today? Why not have your secretary follow through on the following suggestion:

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THE NATION

At Last—a Plan

At Baltimore on Sept. 25, 1952, Candidate Dwight Eisenhower gave his views on the nation's most pressing problem—defense policy. This was also the problem that five-star General Eisenhower knew



SECRETARY WILSON
Two threats to meet.

most about. He listed "three personal convictions that I hold to be true. First, our defense program has suffered from lack of farsighted direction. Second, real unification of our armed forces is yet to be achieved. Third, our defense program need not and must not push us steadily toward economic collapse."

Last week the three convictions became a specific plan—the first rational defense policy the U.S. has had. The new plan is built around air-atomic power, and it faces up to the strategic prospect actually confronting the U.S., i.e., that the enemy has a choice of forcing either all-out atomic war or limited war upon this nation. The plan will cost less because it follows a principle laid down in Baltimore: "We cannot pretend to do everything in every field all the time."

The Inheritance. When he took office last January, Eisenhower inherited the Truman defense budget. Like previous

Truman budgets, it was not shaped by the White House, or by the Secretary of Defense, or even by the Joint Chiefs of Staff acting as a unit. It was a combination of the requirements and goals of individual services—Army, Navy, Air Force—each trying to get as much money as it could. Nobody judged these claims in the light of an overall, supra-service plan based on the total military, political and economic interest of the U.S. Insofar as there was any standard for resolving conflicts and putting the budget together, the Joint Chiefs used what they called "the balanced-forces concept." This was a high-sounding name for the convenient but irrational practice of splitting the money in three roughly equal parts.

The Eisenhower Administration did not have time for a basic revision of the Truman defense budget. It made a few billion in cuts, mostly in the Air Force. These did not conform to any new general political-economic-military plan. Rather they were a result of finding specific soft spots in the Truman budget. Some of these cuts, for instance, were based on the assertion of Secretary Wilson that there was no use budgeting for planes that would not be produced in the budget period.

But housekeeping cuts were not what Eisenhower had in mind in the Baltimore speech. While they were being made, he ordered the Joint Chiefs to get busy on a basically new kind of budget. Last October they produced a "New Look," but it turned out to be the old kind of budget with some novel trimmings. Eisenhower and the National Security Council did not accept the phony New Look, sent it back to the services for further work.

Eisenhower's instruments of pressure on the services were Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson and Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Arthur Radford. Last week, with Wilson taking part in the discussions, Admiral Radford and the three service chiefs finished sketching out a defense program for 1956-58. Defense Department officials handed the sketch to the President, along with a draft of the 1955 defense budget.

Details of the new budget are top secret, but the main changes were made public. They are:

¶ The Air Force buildup goal, previously set at 127 wings in 1955, will be expanded to 137 wings in 1957—only six fewer than the Truman Administration called for by 1955.

¶ Army manpower (now 1,500,000) will

be cut to about 1,000,000 by 1958. Marine manpower (now 260,000) to 190,000.

¶ Navy manpower (now 780,000) will go down to 620,000. The Navy will take out of commission about 50 combatant ships, leaving some 350 warships.

¶ The carving will begin promptly: Defense Secretary Wilson last week ordered



CHAIRMAN RADFORD
An end in sight.

the Army, Navy and Marine Corps to slice manpower 10% by the middle of 1956.

¶ By 1958, the Air Force will be getting about half the total defense outlay.

Behind the Decisions. Implied in these decisions are some important propositions agreed upon by the chiefs:

¶ The West must keep ahead of the Soviet Union in air-atomic power, both as a deterrent to big war and as a powerful weapon if deterrence fails.

¶ Over the long run, U.S. ground troops abroad are less useful than their military equivalent in European or Asian troops.

¶ Since no great naval power menaces the free world,* some of the U.S. Navy's

* Admiral Robert B. Carney, Chief of Naval Operations, outspokenly dissents. In a recent speech, he said that the Soviet Union is "determined to . . . challenge our position on the seas."

overwhelming preponderance in surface ships is superfluous.

Given these propositions, increased emphasis on air power was overdue. Given the enemy's capability to start small wars, conventional forces are needed to deal with them and to buck up the morale of allies who still think largely in terms of strength on the ground. Long-range Pentagon planners want to replace U.S. garrison troops now overseas with indigenous troops, but until European and Asian arming—and morale—are much further along, the U.S. will have to keep ground forces on the spot for political reasons.

This week, in a speech to the National Press Club, Admiral Radford outlined the new concept. He said:

"Our military task is complicated by the two requirements imposed upon us. We must be ready for tremendous, vast retaliatory and counteroffensive blows in

agreed upon last week was the best one possible. But at least it was a definite plan—not the result of inter-service haggling disguised as a plan. Admiral Radford had summarily ended the haggling process.

An End in View. Out of the many reasons that went to elect Eisenhower, perhaps the overriding one was the hope that he could bring unity and rationality to the mingled political, military and economic problems of defense.

He had said in his Baltimore speech: "Such [armed-service] unity as we have achieved is too much form and too little of substance. With three services, in place of the former two, still going their separate ways, and with an overall civilian staff frequently unable to enforce corrective action, the end result has been not to remove duplication but to produce triplication.

sat before a special I.B.M. electric typewriter equipped with jumbo type. As Mrs. Whitman finished the final proofed copy of the speech, she passed it on to Mary Caffrey, secretary to James Hagerty, who banged out stencils for the duplicating machines.

Back in the tail of the plane, Press Secretary Hagerty, manning a hand-operated machine, cranked out press copies of each stencil. When Hagerty had duplicated 600 copies of each of the nine pages of text, AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss, Presidential Adviser C. D. Jackson and the rest of the presidential party snatched up pages, assembled them in numbered order. At the end of the line stood Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, armed with a hand stapler, who efficiently fastened the copies of the speech together. By the time the *Columbine* landed in New York, Ike's high-level assembly line had 200 advance copies of the speech ready—enough to satisfy the immediate appetite of the press and radio.

Three Weeks to Go. Ike's speech gained for him—and the U.S.—new influence on the world's somber thoughts of war and peace (see *INTERNATIONAL*). That evening, Ike went aboard the *Columbine* again and headed for Washington and one of the biggest jobs his Administration has faced: final preparation of the program which he will present to Congress in just three weeks. His Administration and the Republican Party, the President has solemnly stated, will stand or fall on that program.

Next morning, the President summoned the Cabinet for the first of three meetings in the space of a week. Ike apologized to the Cabinet members for putting them through an 80-hour work week, getting the Budget and the State of the Union message into fine form. But, he explained, he wanted to be as well prepared as possible for his three-day conference this week with the leaders of Congress. Much depended on their suggestions and reactions, and Ike wanted to be fully prepared.

A Powerful Persuader. The President intends to take a strong hand in pushing his program up Capitol Hill next January. He plans to use a powerful persuader to assist him. If Congress balks or hogs down, Ike will simply step up his schedule of speeches and TV appearances, and tell the public all about it.

In the midst of his busy week, President Eisenhower found time to see his old friend Governor Thomas Dewey, who came down from New York to protest the "unprecedented interference" of the Interstate Commerce Commission with Dewey's efforts to reorganize the bankrupt Long Island Rail Road. The Pennsylvania Railroad had applied to the ICC for a 25% rate increase on the Long Island, which it owns. Dewey felt that, since the Long Island lies wholly within the State of New York, the ICC had no jurisdiction—especially no jurisdiction to raise commuter fares on the residents of two heavily Republican counties. Ike promised to look into the matter.



Associated Press

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER & GOVERNOR DEWEY
Amid the global issues, a two-county matter.

event of a global war, and we must also be ready for lesser military actions short of all-out war . . .

It is obviously impossible for the U.S. to sustain forces which will enable us to station combat-effective units of superior strength every place where aggression might occur. If we tried to do this, we would ensure economic collapse. No, we cannot be strong everywhere simultaneously.

"Accordingly, we plan force levels which provide us mobile, versatile combat forces in readiness, and an adequate mobilization base. These strength levels will be of such magnitude that our allies can recognize both our determination to counter any aggression and our determination to support our national and international policies and commitments. At the same time, these levels will be those which are possible . . . over the long pull."

Nobody could be sure that the plan

"All this must be brought to an end."

The new budget plan puts the end in sight. The President, whose office makes him responsible for the interest of the whole nation, as against the interest of particular services, has imprinted the stamp of unity upon defense policy. From that act, both economy and a much stronger defense can follow.

THE PRESIDENCY Assembly Line

The Presidential plane *Columbine* hummed northward from Bermuda, high over the Atlantic. In his midships cabin, Dwight Eisenhower sat at his desk, making final corrections and checks on the speech he would give, later in the afternoon, before the U.N.'s General Assembly (*TIME*, Dec. 14). As the President finished each page, he handed it across the aisle to Ann Whitman, his private secretary, who

THE SUPREME COURT

The Fading Line

(See Cover)

"If one race be inferior to the other socially, the Constitution of the United States cannot put them on the same plane."

—From the majority opinion of the U.S. Supreme Court in *Plessy v. Ferguson*, 1896.

"But in the view of the Constitution, in the eye of the law, there is in this country no superior, dominant, ruling class of citizens. There is no caste system here. Our Constitution is color-blind."

—Associate Justice John Marshall Harlan, dissenting in the same case.

At the stroke of noon, one day last week, Chief Justice Earl Warren strode through the red velvet draperies that hang behind the long mahogany bench of the U.S. Supreme Court. As the Chief Justice and his eight associates took their places, Earl Warren's broad, friendly face broke into a quick smile. He beamed at Mrs. Warren, who had arrived from California the night before and was sitting among the spectators nearest the bench. For 65 minutes the court went through routine business. But in spite of the Chief's pleasant demeanor, there was an air of tension in the marble-columned courtroom.

The Supreme Court was about to hear final, oral arguments on one of the most momentous issues to come before the court in its 164-year history, perhaps the most important question that ever came before a Chief Justice so early in his tenure. The crucial question: Should segregation in the public schools be abolished?

"The Key of History." As the arguments began, every seat (300) in the world's most important courtroom was occupied. Negro lawyers sat next to white lawyers. Negro reporters sat next to white reporters. Negro spectators sat next to white spectators. But the fact that the color line has not been erased in the U.S. was soon apparent.

Speaking for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Thurgood Marshall, eminent Negro constitutional lawyer, told the court that the defenders of school segregation were asking for "an inherent determination that the people who were formerly in slavery . . . shall be kept as near that stage as possible." Said the big, deep-voiced Thurgood Marshall: "Now is the time . . . that this court should make it clear that this is not what our Constitution stands for."

On the other hand, John W. Davis, dean (80) of the nation's constitutional lawyers, arguing for segregation, maintained that separate schools are not only constitutional but often better for the Negroes. Representing the state of South Carolina, the white-haired Davis told the court: "Recognize that for 60 centuries and more, humanity has been discussing questions of race and race tension . . . Disraeli said, 'No man will treat with in-

difference the principle of race. It is the key of history.'"

Through eleven hours of argument, the nine Justices were studies in intense interest. Earl Warren, his bulk (6 ft. 1 in., 215 lbs.) dominating the bench, sat erect in the high-back chair that had been used by the late Chief Justice Vinson (Said Warren to a court official who asked him if he wanted his own specially built chair: "Pshaw, that one's plenty good enough for me!"). Occasionally he asked a quiet question to clarify a point. Associate Justice Felix Frankfurter, as if playing pizzicato violin to Warren's cello, turned and twisted in his specially built chair, fired quick, needling questions at the attorneys, sent messengers scurrying for law books. All of the nine men behind the long bench, unlikely to agree, knew that they faced a

Some of the classrooms were empty, but the principal, Miss Eleanor P. McAuliffe,* refused to admit the Negro children. She had to refuse. District of Columbia officials interpret a law, passed by Congress in 1862, as requiring segregated public schools.

Spottswood Bolling went, instead, to Shaw Junior High School for Negroes. It is an old, dingy, unsanitary, ill-equipped building across the street from The Lucky Pawnbroker's Exchange. Built in 1902, and used as a white school until 1928, Shaw has an L-shaped playground too small for a ball diamond, a welding shop turned into a makeshift gymnasium, a science laboratory fitted out with a Bunsen burner and a bowl of goldfish.

The contrast between the two schools was clear, but even if Shaw had been just



UNSEGREGATED CROWD OUTSIDE SUPREME COURT SCHOOL HEARING
Inside, nine studies in intense interest.

decision that could well be a landmark in the history of race relations.

Opposite the Pawn Shop. While eminent legal minds considered the great issue, Spottswood Thomas Bolling Jr., 14, sat with the all-Negro sophomore class in Washington's new Springarn High School, quietly tending to his studies. Spottswood Bolling's name will go down in history with the segregation cases, for he is one of the plaintiffs. His case is a résumé of the issues involved.

His history began one day in 1950, when Spottswood and eleven other Negro children, with a police escort and a battery of lawyers, went to Washington's shining new John Philip Sousa Junior High School. The spacious brick-and-glass school, facing a carefully groomed golf course in southeast Washington, is in a solid residential district. It has 42 bright classrooms, a fine 600-seat auditorium, a completely equipped double gymnasium, a playground with room enough for seven basketball courts and a softball diamond.

as good a school as Sousa, the parents of Spottswood Bolling and his friends would not have been satisfied. They were attacking something deeper than disparity of facilities. Their target was the principle of segregation. Said Spottswood's widowed mother, Mrs. Sarah Bolling, a \$57.60-a-week bookbinder for the Federal Government's General Services Administration: "I think that to know how to deal with all people you've got to start as a child in school. In school you learn to get along . . . Colored people learn to get along with white people. white people get to understand colored people, or they would if they went to school together as children."

The Negro children's attempt to enter Sousa Junior High School was a maneuver carefully planned by the Consolidated Parent Group, an organization of Negro parents headed by a barbershop owner

* A sister of Lieut. General Anthony C. ("Nuts") McAuliffe, the World War II hero of Bastogne.

who once paid a \$10 fine for taking his three-year-old daughter into a white playground in Washington. The other four cases before the court, from South Carolina, Virginia, Delaware and Kansas, were brought about in much the same manner by the N.A.A.C.P. The legal technicalities in the lawsuits differ somewhat from case to case,* but the aim is the same: mixed schools.

Two Men & a Cause. The issue that brought the name of Spottswood Bolling before the U.S. Supreme Court is in no sense new. Where and how the Negro should be educated has been in dispute in the U.S. ever since Thomas Jefferson wrote that "all men are created equal." Before the Civil War, teaching a slave to read was a crime punishable by imprisonment in some Southern states. But after the war, there was a crusade to raise the freed slave's status. It was led by two white men: Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania and Charles Sumner of Massachusetts.

Stevens, a stony-faced, crippled son of a Vermont village shoemaker, was the crude but effective pleader for the Negro in the U.S. House of Representatives. Sumner, a master orator who succeeded Daniel Webster in the U.S. Senate, carried the Negro's banner there. They were the spiritual leaders of the "Radical Republicans," whose pro-Negro stand was far beyond that of Abraham Lincoln. In 1866, when President Andrew Johnson vetoed a bill to expand the Freedmen's Bureau (an agency to aid and educate former slaves), Stevens rose in the House and called the North Carolina-born President "an alien enemy, a citizen of a foreign state." In the Senate, Sumner cried that Johnson was "an insolent, drunken brute, in comparison with which Caligula's horse[†] was respectable."

Fighting for their cause with such vehemence, Sumner and Stevens pushed the 14th Amendment to the Constitution, passed in 1866, providing that "no state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens." They ranned through the reconstruction acts of 1867, which established military governors over ten Southern states and set the terms on which the states would be readmitted to the Union. Among their terms: suffrage for Negroes and ratification of the 14th Amendment.

What Kind of Equality? The Negro's status rose dramatically. But the rise stopped suddenly in 1877, largely as the result of politics. The electoral votes in the election of November 1876 were so

close and the charges of fraud so numerous that the election was thrown into Congress. Republican leaders knew that the doubtful votes of South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana would elect Republican Rutherford B. Hayes over Democrat Samuel Tilden. Spokesmen for the G.O.P. and for Southern Democrats met and made an agreement. The Southern states would throw their electoral votes to Hayes, and his Administration would grant concessions to the South. Among those concessions: 1) troops would be withdrawn, and 2) the states would be permitted to establish their own policies toward the Negro. Hayes got just enough (185) electoral votes. The troops were withdrawn.

Southern states immediately began returning to the "Black Codes," pre-14th Amendment laws designed to keep the Negro in a status not far removed from



SPOTTSWOOD BOLLING & MOTHER
"You've got to start as a child."

slavery. There came to power in the South politicians such as "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman, governor and later Senator from South Carolina, who publicly proclaimed that the Negro was biologically inferior to the white man. When "inoculated with the virus of equality," said Tillman, the Negro became "a fiend, a wild beast, seeking whom he may devour."

Along the rutted road back from Pitchfork Ben's heyday, a great argument has developed about just what kind of equality Congress and the state legislatures meant to give the Negro through the 14th Amendment. Its language seems sweeping enough, but many lawyers are impressed by the fact that it contains no specific declaration on segregation. That point has become important in the cases now before the Supreme Court.

Last spring, after reading the briefs, the high court asked the attorneys to study and discuss whether the framers and rati-

fiers of the 14th Amendment meant to abolish segregation in the schools. The court got three answers. Thurgood Marshall, for the N.A.A.C.P., said that was clearly the intention. John W. Davis, for South Carolina, said that was clearly not the intention. Assistant U.S. Attorney General J. Lee Rankin said that the evidence was inconclusive, but that on other grounds, the U.S. Government favored an end of segregation.

Can Separate Be Equal? The U.S. Supreme Court has never spoken directly on the subject of segregation in the public pre-college schools. The decision that has long been used by Southern states as the guide on segregation is *Plessy v. Ferguson*, a transportation case. It arose on June 7, 1892, when Homer Adolph Plessy bought a ticket on the East Louisiana Railroad, from New Orleans to Covington, La. Plessy, seven-eighths white and one-eighth Negro, took a seat in the white coach on the segregated train. When he refused to move, he was taken off and jailed. The case reached the Supreme Court in 1896, and the court ruled that Louisiana's law, calling for "equal but separate" facilities on trains, was constitutional. The majority opinion held that Negroes were equal to whites "civilly and politically," but not "socially."

At higher educational levels, the separate but equal doctrine has been considered by the Supreme Court. The first major case came in 1938, when the Supreme Court ruled that Negro Lloyd Gaines should be admitted to the University of Missouri Law School because he could not find equal facilities anywhere else in his state. This and other similar cases that followed opened the doors of many graduate and professional schools to Negroes.* But none of the cases reached the level or the principle involved in the present cases. The Negro spokesmen maintain that even if physical facilities are the same, social and psychological factors make a basic difference. Their contention: "separate" can never be "equal."

"One Law for All." To this first historic case of his tenure, the new Chief Justice of the U.S. brought a well-illustrated attitude of racial tolerance. Earl Warren grew up in Bakersfield, in California's San Joaquin Valley, where segregation was unknown. At the University of California, one of Warren's good friends was a Negro named Walter Gordon ("We used to box a bit together," Gordon recalls). A boxing, wrestling and football star (All-America, 1918), Gordon later coached Warren's son James at the university. In 1944 Warren appointed Gordon a member of the State Adult Authority, which sets

* The District of Columbia case arises under the Fifth Amendment, which limits the powers of Congress ("Nor shall any person be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law . . ."). The state cases arise under the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment, which limits the powers of the states ("Nor shall any State deny to any person . . . the equal protection of the laws").

† Roman Emperor Caligula (37-41 A.D.) once bestowed a consulship on his horse.

* While there has never been an official ban on Negroes at the U.S. Military and Naval Academies, Annapolis admitted no Negroes from the 1820s until 1936 and West Point's record was only slightly better. The unwritten barriers were not broken until World War II. Now, the Military Academy has 23 Negro graduates, and twelve Negro cadets, the Naval Academy three Negro graduates and nine midshipmen.

all prison terms and grants all paroles.

Not long after he became governor of California in 1943, Warren laid down a rule: "I don't want to hear of any of my department heads refusing to hire anyone for reasons of race, color or creed." Among Warren's own appointments was Edwin L. Jefferson, the first Negro ever named to California's Superior Court. To each of the California legislative sessions, from 1945 through 1953, Warren proposed, in one form or another, a state agency to assure fair treatment of all races. The proposal was rejected each time, but Warren personally stuck to the stand he had taken as a candidate for Vice President in 1948: "We must insist upon one law for all men . . . Anything that divides us or limits the opportunities for full American citizenship is injurious to the welfare of all."

Last year Warren volunteered a view on a race problem when residents of an all-white neighborhood of South San Francisco forced a Chinese family to move out (TIME, Feb. 25, 1952). Warren wrote the family: "I am not at all proud of the action of the people in the neighborhood of your new home . . . I agree with you it is just such things that the Communists make much of in their effort to discredit our system."

A Sick Feeling. Earl Warren's own views on the race question do not necessarily indicate that he will vote to ban segregation in the schools. Some lawyers who are against segregation nevertheless maintain that each state should have the right to fix its own educational policies. In weighing such questions of law, Warren can call on wide experience as a prosecutor and administrator, but little background in private law practice, and no previous service on the bench. He was in private practice for just three years after he graduated from law school, and once admitted that court appearances terrified him. Said he: "I'd get on a streetcar, and I'd be so tense I would hope the car would be wrecked on the way to the courthouse."

Later, as a deputy city attorney for Oakland, deputy and district attorney for Alameda County (Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda) and attorney general of California, he showed no signs of terror in or out of court. He was a relentless prosecutor, convicted an average of 15 murderers a year, chased grafters out of office and into prison. But he drew no particular joy from his victories in criminal cases. Said he: "I never heard a jury bring in a verdict of guilty but that I felt sick at the pit of my stomach."

As governor, Warren greatly improved the caliber of the California bench by appointing well-qualified judges. Always a practical man rather than a philosopher, always busy as an administrator, Warren never expounded a full-bodied philosophy of law. Los Angeles Attorney Robert Kenny, opposing Warren for the governorship in 1946, charged: "He never had an abstract thought in his life."

The fact that Warren was neither a

legal philosopher nor an experienced judge* did not deter Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr. and President Eisenhower after they had finished combing the list of prospects for a successor to the late Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson last fall. They knew that Warren had been highly successful as an administrator of the second most populous and fastest-growing state, and that the court needed an administrator almost as much as it needed a strong legal philosopher.

Wakes at Midnight. Sitting as Chief Justice of the U.S. is a basic change in Earl Warren's life. A hearty, friendly man who likes people, Warren used to travel up and down the State of California, meeting people, handling dozens of administrative problems through a large staff. Suddenly, he was behind a desk in an office full of law books. Warren found that he liked the new opportunity for reflection and analysis. To offset the con-

got a point to check with you. May I come over?"

One Hand Tied. Warren writes most of his own notes and memorandums (and the one opinion he has written so far) with a yellow lead pencil on standard, yellow, lined legal pads. He writes with his right hand, although he is naturally a left-hander (he was once a southpaw outfielder on a sandlot baseball team). When he was a schoolboy, a teacher tied his left hand behind him and forced him to write with his right. This practice, long condemned as psychologically disturbing, has left no noticeable scars on the Chief Justice of the U.S.

The other Justices have considered their new chief and have reached a favorable opinion. It might be summed up: he has made a good start. Perhaps the best illustration of this came the day that Warren dared to rephrase a question asked in open court by Justice Frankfurter. Old



Associated Press

THE U.S. SUPREME COURT*
Along the rutted road, a historic argument.

fining nature of his work, the Chief Justice often walks for two or three miles before going to bed about midnight.

Temporarily, his family stayed behind in California. He found himself forced to eat in restaurants, which he hates to do. Said the Chief Justice: "I've never been so lonely in my life."

At the court, Warren moved in with a friendly and casual air. When he takes a breather from work at the neat desk in his oak-paneled office, he often strolls through the building greeting surprised employees with a hand outstretched and a self-introduction: "I'm Earl Warren." Said one guard: "He shakes more hands in one day than many other Justices do in five years."

When he wants to discuss a point with another Justice, he doesn't call the Associate in. He telephones and asks: "I've

hands around the court tensed; one does not say "in other words" to peppery Felix Frankfurter. But Justice Frankfurter, accepting Warren's paraphrasing, said: "Precisely, yes, yes . . ."

It is much too early for anyone to tell what kind of Chief Justice Earl Warren will be. Only time will reveal that. He is neither a philosopher like Oliver Wendell Holmes nor a master of his fellow men equal to Charles Evans Hughes. But he has a good mind, a wealth of practical experience and success in administering the law, a feeling for the human side of a case and boundless energy.

No doubt one of the first major entries that will be written on Chief Justice Warren's record is the court's action in the

* Five of the 11 other Chief Justices of the U.S., including the great John Marshall, had no previous judicial experience.

* Front row from left: Associate Justices Felix Frankfurter and Hugo La Fayette Black, Chief Justice Warren, Associate Justices Stanley Forman Reed and William Orville Douglas. Back row: Associate Justices Tommas Campbell Clark, Robert Houghout Jackson, Harold Hitz Burton, Sherman Minton.

school segregation case. The decisions will directly affect some 12 million schoolchildren in at least 17 states* and the District of Columbia. The decisions may change

* Seventeen states and the District have mandatory public-school segregation. Among the states are all of the Confederacy: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. The six other states on the list are Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Oklahoma, West Virginia and Delaware (the source of one case now before the Supreme Court). Some other states, e.g., Kansas, source of another of the current cases, permit school segregation by local option; the Kansas case before the court comes from Topeka.

the whole pattern of life in the South. In many nations where U.S. prestige and leadership is damaged by the fact of U.S. segregation, the court's action is awaited with intense interest.

In the South, some states have threatened to take drastic steps if the court bans segregation. South Carolina's Governor James Byrnes and his legislature already have on the books a "preparedness law" ready to abolish the public-school system. In Georgia, Governor Herman Talmadge and his legislature are also ready to turn the schools over to private organizations.

Many Southern states have been rush-

ing to meet the separate-but-equal standard (South Carolina has allocated \$84.3 million for new schools since April 1951, 68% of it for Negro schools), and in some districts Negroes now have the best schools. But most white leaders in the South are not ready to take the next step: desegregation.

No longer do the Southern defenders of segregation take their stand with Ben Tillman on the flat assertion of racial superiority. Nowadays they stress the "practical" consequences of mixed schools. Last week John W. Davis told the court that Clarendon School District No. 1 in South Carolina has 2,799 Negro and 295

"MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT..."

With these traditional words, U.S. lawyers respectfully catch the ears of the learned judges hearing their appeals. Briggs v. Elliott, Case No. 2 of the five segregation cases heard last week by the Supreme Court, pitted together two of the legal profession's great advocates:

JOHN WILLIAM DAVIS, 80, a white-maned, majestic figure in immaculate morning attire who looks type-cast for the part, has argued more cases (140) before the Supreme Court of the U.S. than any other lawyer living or dead. His first, *Pichens v. Roy*, came on in 1902—when the present Chief Justice of the U.S. was eleven. Big Steel paid John W. Davis more than \$100,000 last year to win the historic Steel Seizure case (*Youngstown Sheet & Tube v. Sawyer*). Davis' fee for taking segregation's side last week was more modest: a silver tea service, gift of the South Carolina legislature.

As senior partner of the 104-year-old Wall Street firm of Davis Polk Wardwell Sunderland & Kiendl (95 lawyers), John W. Davis represents A.T.&T., Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), Guaranty Trust Co. of New York, International Paper Co., et al. He did not need another client, and he already owned a tea service. Davis took the segregation case partly because an old friend, South Carolina's Governor James F. Byrnes, asked him to, partly as a matter of constitutional ("states' rights") and social conviction ("Race is a fact, like sex"). Some of his other friends were sorry to hear him, at twilight, singing segregation's old unsweet song. But the popularity of a cause rarely cuts any ice with John W. Davis. One of his permanent heroes is Chrétien Guillaume de Lamoignon de Malesherbes, who (at 71) defied popular opinion by defending Louis XVI before a French revolutionary tribunal. Advocate Malesherbes lost his case, his royal client's neck, and his own, but not his place in legal history: Advocate Davis knows his own standing is equally secure.

No Trimmings. Once before, on another matter of principle, John W. Davis took another memorably unpopular position. In 1924, after a steppingstone career as a law professor at Virginia's Washington & Lee, West Virginia state legislator, member of Congress, Solicitor General of the U.S. and Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Davis was being talked about as presidential material. A supporter urged him to drop J. P. Morgan as a client so that he would be more palatable to the Bryan Democrats, to whom Wall Street was a dirty word. Davis refused: "Any lawyer who [trims] his professional course to fit the gusts of popular opinion . . . degrades the great profession . . ."

Davis was nominated anyway—as a compromise candidate,

on the 16th day and 103rd ballot, by a sweltering, weary, deadlocked Democratic convention. (Vice-presidential candidate: Charles W. Bryan, brother of William Jennings Bryan.) The predictable happened: W. J. Bryan deserted. La Follette started a third party, the Hearst press excoriated Davis as *THE MORGAN LAWYER* (Columnist "Bugs" Baer cracked that Davis' national anthem would be "The Star-Spangled Banker"), and Cal Coolidge won going away. The Democratic candidate polled 8,386,000 votes—only 29%.

Feeling "like a sucked orange," Davis returned, not at all reluctantly, to his old profession, his old firm, his old (and many new) clients. In time, Davis Polk moved into three floors of rambling, book-lined offices at the corner of Broad & Wall, linked by a secret elevator (behind a panel) to the House of Morgan. But in the place of honor on the senior partner's wall there still hangs a black-and-gold shingle, proudly inscribed **DAVIS & DAVIS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW**—relic of John W.'s country-lawyer days in partnership with his father (John J.), back home in Clarksburg, W. Va. (Even today, Davis sometimes wistfully calls himself a "country lawyer.") With a Fifth Avenue apartment and a 16-room house in Locust Valley, wealthy, twice-widowed Davis can be described more accurately as a town & country lawyer.)

Living Legend. In the 29 years since his defeat, Davis has all but faded from popular memory; in his own profession, he is a living legend. Most Davis Polk business never reaches a courtroom at all. But the courtroom is still the showcase of the legal profession, and John W. Davis the acknowledged star of the show. His finest role is not swaying juries at a trial, but persuading judges on an appeal.

In five years (1913-18) as Solicitor General, "the Government's lawyer," Davis won these famous victories: *U.S. v. Midwest Oil Co.*, upholding President Wilson's executive order withdrawing oil lands from use; *Guinn and Beal v. U.S.*, holding unconstitutional, under the 15th Amendment, the notorious "Grandfather Clause" denying Oklahoma Negroes the vote; *Wilson v. New*, upholding one of the first U.S. wage & hour laws; *The Selective Draft Law Cases*. Davis' biggest defeat as Solicitor: *Hammer v. Dagenhart*, holding the first Child Labor Act unconstitutional,† 5-4 (Mr. Justice Holmes dissenting).

Among his major appeals in private practice: *Cement Manufacturers Protective Association v. U.S.*, holding that members of a trade association had not violated the Anti-Trust laws by

* A decision that returned to plague Davis in the Steel Seizure case.

† Overruled 23 years later.



JOHN W. DAVIS
Associated Press

white children of school age. If these children are mixed, the schoolrooms will contain nine Negro children to each white child. Asked John Davis: "Would that make the children any happier? Would they learn any more quickly? Would their lives be more serene?"

One point that was obviously worrying the Supreme Court was the question of timing. If the court bans segregation, should the new principle apply immediately? Or should there be a transition period? Should the Supreme Court lay down specific time limits and rules? Or should it leave details to the lower courts? Both Justices Robert Jackson and Frank-

furter mused on these points as the attorneys argued last week.

Jackson: I foresee a generation of litigation if we send it back with no standards . . .

Frankfurter (later): I do not see how you can escape some of the things which worry my brother Jackson . . .

Jackson: They do not worry me; they will be worrying our children.

The Great Success Story. No matter which way Chief Justice Earl Warren and the eight Associate Justices decide these cases, the race problem will be there in some form to worry future generations of Americans.

There is no doubt that the color line in the U.S. is fading. Perhaps the wiping out of segregation in the armed forces is the greatest step in that direction in this generation. The very efforts made by the Southern states to avoid de-segregation already provide much better education for Negroes. The American Negro's rise from slavery in less than a century is one of the greatest success stories the world has ever known. His rise will not stop, whether he wins or loses this case. He will either get mixed schools in the South, or else continue to migrate in vast numbers to the states where opportunity is more nearly equal.

swapping business information; *U.S. v. Macintosh*, rejecting, 5-4, Davis' argument that a conscientious objector should not on that account be denied citizenship;⁶ *Associated Press v. NLRB*, in which the Supreme Court, 5-4, applied the NLRA to newspapers, rejecting Davis' "freedom of the press" argument; *Niagara Mohawk Power Corp. v. Federal Power Commission*, now "in the bosom of the court" awaiting decision (issue: Who owns Niagara Falls?).

Go for the Jugular. In Daniel Webster's more leisurely time, the great case of *McCulloch v. Maryland* consumed six days of argument; today counsel are ordinarily confined to an hour apiece. For Davis, therefore, Webster's first principle of argumentation is more important than ever: "The power of clear statement is the great power at the bar." In front of him, Davis spreads out the "record on appeal," and the "briefs" (written arguments, hammered out by other lawyers in his firm and submitted to the court in advance). Davis has prepared no full-length script, no memorized remarks—just a few key phrases on a scribbled sheet. But he is master of his case. Lightly he skips from page 1,428 of the record to page 3, and back again, to make his points. His words, though spontaneous, are apt; his voice still sonorous, if no longer as powerful ("The horn you blow doesn't get any louder as you get older"); his argument confident without being arrogant. Other lawyers may try to put across a dozen ideas in a case, Davis prefers to narrow the issue to its lifeline: "Always go for the jugular vein."



Associated Press
THURGOOD MARSHALL

class citizens." Marshall generally has a running headstart on opposing lawyers in civil rights cases; the law he made yesterday is today's precedent. Four of Marshall's victories have become the constitutional cornerstones of the Negro's new civil rights: *Smith v. Allwright*, outlawing the Texas "white primary" and opening the way to effective Negro voting throughout the South; *Morgan v. Virginia*, striking down state-imposed segregation in interstate transportation; *Sweatt v. Painter*, compelling the University of Texas to admit a Negro to its law school; *Shelley v. Kraemer*, holding unenforceable, under the 14th Amendment, a racial housing covenant. Marshall's Supreme Court record: won 13, lost 2.

While John W. Davis customarily goes almost uninterrupted in his arguments before the Supreme Court, enjoying the deference paid to the dean of the appellate bar, Marshall has generally been peppered with questions. He is as proud of these spirited exchanges as Davis should be of his immunity from them; Marshall rightly regards it as a personal tribute that the justices expect him to meet the frankest and most penetrating questions they can put. After his argument in *Alston v. School Board*, involving racial discrimination in salaries of public-school teachers in Norfolk, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit paid Marshall a rare compliment of another kind: still in their robes, the three judges stepped down off the bench to congratulate him on his masterly presentation. (He won.)

Finder's Rights. Thurgood (short for Thoroughgood) Marshall was born in Baltimore. His father was a country-club steward; his mother is a teacher in the segregated public schools there. Young Marshall went to Jim Crow public schools himself, then to Pennsylvania's private, predominantly Negro, Lincoln University. On the side, he worked as grocery clerk, dining-car waiter, baker. His father wanted Thurgood to study law; no law school in Maryland would accept a Negro.

Marshall enrolled at Howard. "There," he says, "for the first time, I found out my rights." The late Charles Houston, then Howard's law dean and later N.A.A.C.P.'s counsel, looked on Howard as a self-destroying force: he wanted it to turn out a battery of able Negro lawyers who would one day accomplish the abolition of segregation, and so make Howard obsolete.⁶ Star Student Marshall signed on, eventually (1938) succeeded Houston in the N.A.A.C.P. job. It has taken hard-driving, easy-going Marshall to all 48 states, Japan and Korea, has several times put him in hot spots where mobs menaced his life. Inching along from precedent to precedent, Marshall is conscious of the distance still ahead, but also conscious and proud of the distance he and the N.A.A.C.P. have already traveled. Says he: "It's good to see the change, when you know you did it."

THURGOOD MARSHALL, 45, who ranked No. 1 in his law-school class ('33) at all-Negro Howard University in Washington, D.C., used to cut classes regularly—whenever John W. Davis came to town. Recalls Marshall: "Every time John Davis argued, I'd ask myself, 'Will I ever, ever . . .?', and every time I had to answer, 'No, never.' " Nowadays Marshall, officially special counsel of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and unofficially (to the Negro press) "Mr. Civil Rights," has his own Howard cheering section. But, though he thinks John Davis "all wrong on civil rights," Marshall stayed up most of one night recently to "edit out the snide cracks" about Davis from a draft brief in the Briggs case, prepared by more emotional and less respectful juniors on N.A.A.C.P.'s interracial legal staff. Says Marshall sagely: "Lose your head, lose your case." But in the courtroom, Marshall is at his most moving when he is most moved.

Four Corners. From the actual plaintiffs and defendants he represents, Marshall gets not a cent; the N.A.A.C.P. and its Legal Fund (combined annual budget: \$500,000) pay him a flat \$12,000 a year to give first-class counsel to Jim Crow's "second-

⁶ Overruled 15 years later.

⁶ There was a Howard lawyer in each of the five segregation cases.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Briefing in Bermuda

With elaborate secrecy, a member of the U.S. delegation at the Big Three conference invited a few U.S. newsmen to a not-for-attribution summing-up of what had happened in Bermuda and what had not.

The three chiefs of government met, he said, "in response to the wishes of Sir Winston [Churchill], who thought it would be a good idea for us to get together and talk our common affairs over informally." The only concrete problem that required a decision was the recent Russian note expressing willingness to take part in a four-power foreign ministers' conference. "That," said the delegation member, "was dealt with satisfactorily." ... There really was no appreciable difference [in our viewpoints]. It seems ob-

A.: The present French government is in no position to give a commitment, and we sought none.

Q.: Were any alternatives to EDC considered?

A.: Sir Winston expressed hope that if EDC fails to materialize, some alternative will be found. It was the U.S. opinion that the alternatives to EDC are so feeble and inadequate that we did not wish to entertain them as serious topics of discussion.

DEMOCRATS

Voice of Opposition

As speaker-in-chief of the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner (East Coast division) last week, Adlai Stevenson had to do a couple of jobs which many Democrats still found passing strange after all their years in office: 1) help get his own party

of hysteria . . . Where are [Franklin Roosevelt's Four Freedoms] today? Who speaks for them now?

"Those gallant hopes of yesterday have given way to the sorry confusion of today. [They] have been replaced by the four fears—fear of depression; fear of Communism; fear of ourselves; fear, if you please, of freedom itself."

Stevenson did not name Senator McCarthy during an obvious attack on McCarthyism, in which, he charged, "the Bill of Rights is besieged, ancient liberties infringed." He did, however, mention Attorney General Herbert Brownell, "the chief law-enforcement officer of the nation, the very embodiment of our concept of justice, [who] has even imputed disloyalty or Communist sympathy to a former President while our allies . . . listen in bewilderment and disgust."

As for U.S. fear of a depression, Stevenson suggested that a depression, if it materialized, would be unnecessary and "man-made," the Democrats having already proved that "Americans could master their own economic destiny." He closed by indulging in a luxury that was long the privilege of the G.O.P.—visualizing the beneficial results to accrue from turning the bunglers of today out of office. After that, said Stevenson, "I see [the U.S.] united in high endeavors, standing once again before the world calm, wise and resolute, a beacon of hope, a citadel of fortitude—and of faith."

POLITICAL NOTES

Maverick's Choice

Frank John Lausche, 58, is the only governor Ohioans have elected for a fourth term. Last week, in a decision which set off speculation that he would run for President in 1956, Democrat Lausche announced his candidacy in next year's election for a fifth two-year term.

Lausche's alternative was to swap places on the ticket with Senator Thomas A. Burke, the man he appointed to the late Robert A. Taft's seat, giving Burke a chance for the governorship. But the political dangers of giving up his secure position in Columbus loomed large in Frank Lausche's mind. In 1956, as governor, he would have a vote-getting record unmatched by other Democrats, and he could confidently expect to control Ohio's convention delegates. As a freshman Senator, he might weaken home-state ties, and he would have to jump into vote-losing controversies over national issues.

Ohio's governor is as politically unruly as his heavy mane of tousled hair. Ever since he was elected Cleveland's mayor in 1941, Maverick Lausche has spurned "machine" support, winning elections despite organized Democratic opposition. He has heaped such florid oratorical praise on some G.O.P. leaders that they find it awkward later to criticize him in normal



ADLAI STEVENSON & FELLOW DINNER GUESTS*

In bright English, the dim view.

vious that the Russians agreed to a four-power conference as a tactical move, with no change of heart. I think the conference can be profitable if we continue to press the Soviet Union in such a way as to expose the bankruptcy of its policy."

Question by a correspondent: What if the Russians try to stall EDC by keeping the conference dragging on indefinitely?

Answer: The world is getting pretty sick of propaganda conferences, and we will not be expected to sit there and listen to propaganda harangues.

Q.: Suppose the Soviet Union insists during the conference that Red China be brought into it?

A.: That is a subject the Russians could raise. If they do, our reply will be short and to the point.

Q.: Did the Bermuda meeting make any progress toward EDC?

out of hock, and 2) take a critical look at the party in power. He attracted 1,400 of the faithful into the ballroom of Philadelphia's Bellevue-Stratford Hotel at \$100 a head. There they heard Stevenson use his gift for bright English to express an exceedingly dim view of the state of the world—especially that part of it affected by the fact that the Republicans now hold power in the U.S.

"I should like . . . to thank President Eisenhower for the initiative he has taken this week with respect to atomic materials and for his forthright reaffirmation of our desire for peaceful . . . relations with the Russian people," he said. But, Stevenson went on, "while he speaks of unity his colleagues sow disunity. While he calls for calm his friends light the fires

* From left: New York's Mayor-elect Robert Wagner Jr., New Jersey's Governor-elect Robert B. Meyer, Democratic National Committee Chairman Stephen Mitchell, former Vice President Alben Barkley.

© *I.e.*, with a reply to the Russians suggesting Jan. 4 as the time and Berlin as the place.

* No Democratic Senator has won a presidential nomination since Stephen Douglas ran against Lincoln in 1860.

partisan fashion. In the 1950 senatorial campaign, Lausche said he "might" vote for Bob Taft instead of the Democratic candidate. By last year the governor had won such popularity as a conservative Democrat that, in defeating Charles P. Taft, the Senator's brother, he topped Adlai Stevenson's vote by 415,000.

Frank Lausche, Ohio's first Roman Catholic governor, whose parents emigrated from Slovenia to Cleveland, has long had his eye on the White House. If he gets there, it will be surprising; no man of Eastern European stock and no Catholic has been President; Andrew Jackson was the only President whose parents were both born abroad (in Ireland).

Liberals, Disband!

When Massachusetts Americans for Democratic Action invited State Treasurer Foster Furcolo, a onetime (1949-52) Fair Dealing Congressman, to speak to their state convention last week, they thought they would get the typical pep talk with which ADAers exhort each other to do battle with the "forces of reaction." Instead they got a sharp jolt: Democrat Furcolo, who is expected to run for the U.S. Senate next year, as much as told them they should pack up and disband.

Said he: "A.D.A. has never been able to attract . . . the broad base that is vital to any political movement . . . Leadership that loses contact with its followers . . . is a pitiful and tragic waste . . . Are you undermining or hurting programs that are good for America? . . . Are you weakening the Democratic Party? . . . Are you weakening or defeating Democratic candidates . . . ? I think you are . . . You are rendering a disservice to the people of America . . . Rightly or wrongly, fairly or unfairly, the fact is that the public is apt to immediately oppose whatever you support . . . I do not think you should discuss anything at this convention except one question: Should A.D.A. continue or not?"

CALIFORNIA

Influence Checked

From his plush apartment in Sacramento's Hotel Senator across the street from the State Capitol, mountainous (300 lb.) Arthur H. Samish, 56, has directed one of the most effective lobbying operations of modern times. "I'm the governor of the legislature; to hell with the governor of California," good-humored "Artie" Samish liked to say. When Earl Warren was governor, he agreed, saying, "On matters that affect his clients, Artie unquestionably has more power than the governor."

Artie's clients from time to time have included some of California's beer, liquor, cigarette, motor bus, trucking and railroad companies; some race tracks, banks and mortgage firms. Samish was once credited with "owning" 30 of the state's 80 legislators, with electing a California attorney general and a mayor of San Francisco, and with dictating the selection of several state assembly speakers

and the entire membership of the two legislative committees which concern him most. His efforts seem to have paid off: California has no state cigarette tax and no other state has a lower liquor or beer tax. Artie used his clients' slush funds, e.g., \$150,000 a year from the brewers alone, for campaign advertising on behalf of his legislative candidates. Sometimes he backed two or more candidates in the same race just to make sure he was riding a winner.

Lobbyist Samish was seldom seen in the Capitol itself. He kept voluminously informed through an intelligence network, made up of stenographers, clerks, politicians, businessmen, gamblers, gangsters and high state officials. Sometimes Artie mischievously dropped in at a legislative committee meeting in which he had no



LOBBYIST SAMISH
The bigger they are.

direct interest. Thereafter he was likely to get the credit for anything the committee might accomplish.

Since the day Artie Samish made his first million, at 32, commissions and contingent fees have steadily swelled his personal affluence. But a major setback came in 1951 when the Kefauver committee called nationwide attention to his activities. Last month a federal court convicted Samish of income-tax evasion. The charge: failing to pay \$71,878 in taxes on a \$120,000 commission from the Biow Co., a New York advertising agency. The money, payment for Samish's services in landing the Schenley Distillers' account, was remitted in checks drawn to ex-prize fighters, bookies, friends and relatives of Samish, and even to fictitious persons. Last week Federal Judge Oliver D. Hamlin imposed a fine of \$40,000 and a three-year jail term on Artie Samish. Still pending: the Government's claim against him for \$908,983 in back taxes and penalties.

Three-Time Loser

One of the presidential candidates in the 1952 election drew a prison term last week. The loser: Vincent Hallinan, 57, high-fee San Francisco lawyer, who got 140,138 votes for President on the ticket of the Communist-backed Progressive Party. The sentence: \$50,000 fine and 18 months' imprisonment for evading \$36,739 in federal income taxes.

For 1947-50, according to the Government's charges, Hallinan reported only 20% of his law income. Furthermore, he wrote off as business expenses a gymnasium and a swimming pool in his Telegraph Hill *dacha*. Other deductions included boxing and tumbling lessons for his six sons.

When Hallinan begins serving his term, he will not be in a totally unfamiliar environment. In 1952 he spent five months in jail on a contempt-of-court sentence incurred as defense counsel in the perjury trial of West Coast Longshoreman Harry Bridges.

ARIZONA

Burning Decks

Dr. Harry Allen Overstreet, 78, is a practical philosopher. "The boy who stood on the burning deck was a moron," he said years ago. "Intelligence means sense enough to respond to a new situation. That boy didn't have sense enough to get off the deck." Much later, Dr. Overstreet had occasion to practice what he teaches. During the '30s, he and his wife unwittingly supported several Communist-front causes. When they discovered where they really stood, the Overstreets quickly got off the blazing decks.

But their indiscretions clung to them like smoke. Last summer, when the Overstreets were booked for a two-day lecture series at the Family Life Conference in Tucson, Ariz., members of the Morgan McDermott American Legion Post No. 1 threw a blackball at them. In an inviolable letter to Conference Director Mary Jeffries, the Post's Americanism Committee suggested that "Surely men . . . much more discriminating . . . can be found." Mrs. Jeffries promptly turned the letter over to the Overstreets, who just as promptly made a trip to Washington. Last week they arrived in Tucson armed with a letter from Congressman Harold Velde, clearing them of any Communist taint.

When the Legion attacked them in full-page ads in the local papers, the Overstreets were ready. They formally denied the Red charges, and offered their letter and a citation from the California American Legion for their anti-Communist activities as proof. Then they made a TV appearance, with newsmen questioning them along with two noncommunist Legionnaires. Press and public overwhelmingly accepted the Overstreets' explanations. Their lectures drew a record-breaking attendance of 600. Tucson's Legionnaires stood steadfastly on their burning deck.

INTERNATIONAL

WESTERN EUROPE

Strong Words

To the statesmen of its 13 North Atlantic allies assembled in Paris, the U.S. this week spoke with measured bluntness. Unless the French Assembly acts within a few months to approve the European Army, said U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, there will be "an agonizing re-appraisal" by the U.S. of its basic policy in Europe.

The implication was plain: continued delay in formation of the six-nation European Army (including twelve West German divisions) might mean withdrawal of U.S. forces from the Continent. His warning and his urgency reflect the U.S. conviction that Russian progress in atomic and thermonuclear weapons has increased, as Dulles said, in "the quality of the danger."

Dulles' speech was strong talk, and spoken clearly enough to guarantee fresh debate, self-examination, alarms and re-cremations within the democratic alliance. Afterward, leaving the council chamber where the NATO foreign ministers and defense ministers had just convened for their twelfth formal meeting since NATO's birth, Dulles spoke even more emphatically to 200 newsmen.

Suicide Alone. "We are not so much interested in getting German troops," said he, "as we are in a situation in which the Western nations, especially France and Germany, will not commit suicide." He paused. "But if they decide to commit suicide, they may have to commit suicide alone."

Some of the assembled correspondents gaped. Dulles went on.

"If EDC is to be created," he said, "it will have to be created soon. There are strong forces working to bring this unity about. But there are contrary forces working to prevent it, and it would be illusory to think that the occasion would always be there." His talk of suicide referred not so much to immediate military threat as to the historical war-breeding potential among West Europeans themselves. The EDC plan was drawn up by the French, the Germans and other Western Europeans, and not by the U.S., Dulles went on. It has become a significant symbol of "whether there was to be a sincere, rational attempt to put France and Germany together again" and thereby end the hostility which had "threatened Western civilization for the last 200 years." The Russians were trying to divide the Western allies; the rest of the world would now watch, and judge by the "significant symbol" of EDC, whether the Communists would succeed.

Agonizing Re-Appraisal. The reporters pressed him. If EDC is not approved soon, one asked, just what does the U.S. plan to do—withdraw from its European commitments? The U.S., Dulles replied, would not renege on its North Atlantic



JOHN FOSTER DULLES
A dose of bluntness.

Treaty commitment to go to the aid of each and every one of the 13 NATO allies in the event any is attacked. But, he added, "the disposition of our troops would, of course, be a factor in the agonizing re-appraisal I spoke about." There would be, he added, "a re-study" of ways of keeping the U.S. commitment to NATO. Congress, he said, is already impatient for European unity and it will soon be considering whether to spend more money to aid the European allies. It could hardly have been put more plainly.



EDOUARD DALADIER
A gush of blandishments.

Hearts & Flowers

There are Frenchmen who will go to almost any lengths to prevent German rearmament under EDC. Much of this sentiment exists among the nationalist adherents of Charles de Gaulle. Last month the bitter general himself said that France "is still an ally of Russia in case of German menace," and last week another Gaullist cried that "America's attempts to push France into EDC are really pushing France into the arms of Russia."

Another prominent Frenchman who feels the same way is Edouard Daladier, the old appeler of Munich, who belongs to the moderately right-wing Radical Socialists. The French Communists used to have no epithets harsh enough for Daladier ("gravedigger" and "traitor" were among the mildest), but *L'Humanité*, the Communist daily, is now respectfully calling him "Monsieur Daladier." Neither Daladier nor De Gaulle has any Communist leanings; for the purposes of the Communists, it is better that they do not.

Listening Ears. Communist broadcasts no longer refer to French politicians as "valets of American imperialism," or to French businessmen as "capitalist blood-suckers." *Pravda* has recently been lauding the French people's "energy, diligence, love of country and liberty." Sergei Obraztsov, director of Moscow's Central Puppet Theater, has been in Paris gushing that he loved France because "we and you have lived through the same struggle against a common enemy."

This hearts & flowers campaign does not always fall on unlistening ears. While Foreign Minister Bidault and Premier Laniel were in Bermuda, another party of nine Frenchmen, led by a Gaullist deputy named Pierre Lebon, was in Warsaw. Among them: ex-Premier Daladier and Jacques Soustelle, a youngish (41) anthropologist who is one of De Gaulle's right-hand men. They had come, at Polish Communist invitation and in a Polish Communist plane, to see for themselves the Oder-Neisse Line, which separates Poland and East Germany. Their visit, of course, called attention to the fact that Germans of all non-Communist parties hope to regain the territory taken from them at Potsdam and given to Poland (as a sop for Poland's own losses to Russia).

Hospitality Repaid. In Poland, the Daladier-Soustelle-Lebon party got a warm reception. For them, the Polish press had none but friendly words. Last week a Soviet-made twin-engine Ilyushin-12 set them down again at Paris' Le Bourget field. They were loaded with dirdird dolls, folklore records, candy and brief cases bulging with notes.

Glowed Daladier: "A new and stronger Poland is rising from the ruins . . . Everywhere, we witnessed an ardent, admirable patriotism, and also moving demonstrations of warm friendship for France. If war doesn't come before, Poland in ten

years will be a great nation . . . She profoundly wants peace. But there is no doubt that if the Germans cross the Oder, there will be war."

No one could doubt but that Poland's hospitality to Monsieur Daladier had been amply repaid.

NATO

Atomic Strategy

The strong words of John Foster Dulles dominated the news from Paris. Almost lost in the political reverberation were the conclusions of the military men of NATO, who found themselves "generally satisfied" with NATO's progress to date.

The year's commitments of troops, equipment and construction had been about 95% met. The NATO armies now boast about 50 land divisions considered "ready"—that is, on duty now or mobilizable within 30 days. If EDC were passed, NATO could then count on adding twelve West German divisions to the total.

Actually, the present land strength is some 30% less than the goal set when Dwight Eisenhower was Supreme Commander; by periodically trimming strength objectives (which once went as high as 97 divisions), NATO has given the appearance that objectives have been met. This satisfaction with lessened goals is not just a facile rationalization. It represents a change in thinking. NATO planners had arrived at two important conclusions:

¶ The land force, plus the German divisions, would be big enough for its original military purposes—to slow down a surprise Soviet attack—and for what the NATO allies feel able to spend.

¶ The air force is short of desired strength, and its increase by some 1,300 planes—to well over 5,600 planes—should be NATO's principal aim in 1954.

In its first four years, NATO built up conventional land strength to counter the vast conventional land strength of Russia. But now that atomic advances have heightened the "quality of danger," the Western allies must turn to the job of improving the quality of defense. The next important NATO project: to adjust to the age of the atom.

The Busy Blacksmith

Brass glitters in a converted movie theater in the reservation near Paris which is called Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe. Pips, crowns, eagles, laurel wreaths, stars sparkle on an international wardrobe of soldiers' tunics. A luminous map of Europe shines from the screen. The houselights dim, a spotlight focuses on a small, grey-mustached man in the uniform of a high British officer.

In a thin, nasal voice, Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein curts sketches the problem. Suppose the Russians were to advance here. (A dark shadow darts westward across the map.) Then their tactical air force's striking power would extend to here. (A purple light slides across the map, out into the Atlantic, ominously embracing Britain.)

D Plus 7. The field marshal, his chest arrayed in a rainbow of 38 ribbons, employs certain special equipment to aid his performance: cough drops for generals so bold as to cough while Montgomery is talking, an officer's whistle to bring order out of the babel of English, French, Italian and Turkish, and a brass schoolbell to squelch extra-loud arguments. The men before him are top SHAPE officers, brought together for one of Monty's periodic "Command Post Exercises" for skull practice in the huge, hypothetical war which SHAPE wages in the mind, in the hope that such preparation will forestall real war. Problem tackled at the most recent: defense of Southern Europe.

With his map and microphone, Montgomery manipulates the make-believe war. "Now here it is, D Plus 7." He waves his hand at the map. "We've got a commander out on this flank who's calling for



Bill Olson—Capital Press Service
MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN

He says what the SACEUR can't.

air power. He must have it, must have it right away. But he's just heard his area commander say he's going to use all the available air power somewhere else. He doesn't have any reserves, either. No reserves. All used up! D plus 7 and battle's lost already. What are we going to do?"

Someone ventures a suggestion. "Oh no, I don't agree," says Montgomery, even though the someone may be of exalted rank. "Not the case at all. That's not professional." His eye swings around the room. "Let's hear what Admiral Mountbatten has to say about that. Dickie! Dickie! Ah, there you are. Let's hear what you think."

Devastating Oaths. Technically, Monty is the Deputy Supreme Allied Commander under U.S. General Alfred M. Gruenther. His job, as Eisenhower once put it, is to "forge the weapon" with which the NATO allies hold off Russia in Europe. In practice, he is far more than SHAPE's

blacksmith. He is its schoolmaster, conscience, physical-education instructor, its gaily and occasionally its terrible-tempered Mr. Bang.

At 66, Monty is still the terse, proud, positive figure—"the intensely compacted hank of steel wire"—of a decade back. He still neither drinks nor smokes (though he now lets fellow officers smoke in his presence, serves whisky at his formal staff parties). When he waxes profane, the air is rent with such devastating oaths as "gracious," "goodness me," and "jolly well." He still strides impatiently past small details, reaching like an imperious giraffe for the high, green stuff of strategy.

Air power is Montgomery's password. Top U.S. Air Force men credit him with "writing the book" on modern use of air power as early as 1944. SHAPE's top airman, U.S. General Lauris Norstad, considers the field marshal "the most eloquent and effective spokesman for air power in the world today." Says Montgomery himself: "I maintain the dominant factor in war is air power. It is the weapon which dictates everything you do, although the final conclusion is, of course, land war."

SHAPE's strategic thinking, close to unanimous at the top, accepts the fact that the allies' defense problem is global, while NATO is commissioned to deal with only one sector of the globe. It recognizes that victory in case of Communist attack would come not by holding on to any given piece of real estate, but by striking at the enemy's centers of strength. "You won't win the war by the defense of Western Europe," says Monty.

But since NATO is a political commitment by 14 nations, and no politician is willing to have his nation considered expendable, NATO's generals have been assigned to protect that lush piece of real estate, Western Europe, as long and effectively as possible. Ideally, SHAPE thinks of defense as far east as possible. But until recently, at least, the plain fact has been that in event of attack, NATO's first line of defense would have to be the west bank of the Rhine. However, recent developments in superweapons have made the idea of "forward strategy" seem more feasible (assuming that some day German troops are added to NATO's strength), and have even encouraged the SHAPE generals to think of ways of waging "offensive defense" if war with Russia comes.

With the new firepower now being developed—small atomic bombs, atomic cannon, ground-to-ground guided missiles capable of carrying atomic war heads—SHAPE strategists now talk of forward and mobile "islands of resistance" or "centers of strength" as big as a division or even a corps. The islands, air-supplied, would be capable of holding against strong enemy forces, and of blasting their way through very strong enemy defenses. Thus NATO forces could transform their real-estate-guarding function into something more positive.

Arms Behind the Shield. The old Anglo-American rivalry which eddied

Montgomery during World War II was all but forgotten. For three years the five-starred field marshal (he is senior in the British Army) has served as the three U.S. SHAPE commanders—EURLS, in the alphabetical language NATO—whom he ranked, or as the man who, pipped. He has done it untiringly, devotedly, brilliantly. He relentlessly travels the circuit of NATO capitals, flitting lightly, laundering his own nylon, inspecting troops, prodding general harassing politicians into improving the training of reserves. "I say things the Supreme Commander," he once explained. A SHAPE official admiringly: "Two questions and an spot whether a country's reserve arm is a phony or not."

He says that can be called up in five or six months, he insists, are next to worthless. "If we can't do better than that, well we're wasting our money. A small, mobile shield in front, big reserves behind. They are organized—properly organized for the war is won. Mind you, not by active forces you keep up in peace, but by the nation in arms behind the shield . . ." Though caustic, he is confident.

In his view, he says, "is that the danger remediated—the world is important has been pushed back, largely due to American money and sacrifices made for the people of Europe. The job's been successfully done."

Facts Are These. The real Montgomery comes out in his crisp memos. A mountain of paper in circulation is very terrific, Montgomery complains. It is not possible for any sane man to read more than half of it. And the other half isn't worth reading.

He himself peppers his people with machine-gun bursts of confident sentences. One sentence makes a paragraph. Two favorite marks of punctuation are the colon and period. A typical beginning: "Let us look at the facts: the facts are these." He sent a memo to British officers at SHAPE:

"I have come to the conclusion that the majority of the British officers and soldiers at SHAPE are not fit."

This is bad . . . I wish you to start a system by which every officer and soldier under the flag goes on an organized run, of five miles once a week . . . If any officer or soldier says he cannot run five miles, he can't. If any British personnel cannot run five miles, they are not of any use to the army.

The course should be laid by a selected staff, like a paper chase. If anyone says he has not enough paper can apply to my office . . .

Montgomery's high standards and bulldog tactics have paid off. The political officers of NATO, gathering in Paris this year, found political shortcomings, economic headaches, military inadequacies. They learned from their Military Committee that troops are markedly improved in quality. It was more than one man's

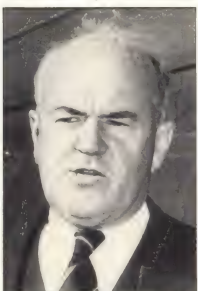
doing. But, without slighting the others, allied representatives agreed that one man deserved most of the credit: Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein.

KOREA

The Wall Street Lawyer

A white-haired lawyer from Wall Street sat in a straw hut at Panmunjom last week, while Chinese and North Korean Communists on the other side of the table paid him their respects. "Warmonger! Liar! Rogue! Slicker!" they cried. "You are bloody-handed, deceitful, stupid. We must warn you to behave!" The American leaned back and laughed.

The Communists charged that the "perfidious" U.S. had masterminded Syngman Rhee's release of 27,000 anti-Communist



AMBASSADOR DEAN
Stick to a good proposal.

P.W.'s last summer. At this, the American remarked: "What utter nonsense! What utter garbage! How silly can you get?" And when the Reds repeated the slur, the Wall Street lawyer replied in his best courtroom style: "Your charge is untrue. I therefore treat it as a notification that you want these talks recessed indefinitely."

Then he got up and stalked out of the hut, leaving the Communists open-mouthed and stunned. Thus did U.S. Special Ambassador Arthur Hobson Dean call off the deadlocked preliminaries for a Korean peace conference.

The Lawyer. Ambassador Dean, 55, was sent to Panmunjom last October by his longtime law partner in Sullivan & Cromwell, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. He arrived in a neat, pinstriped suit and polished, low-cut shoes. But as the days wore on Dean changed to the only other outfit he had brought along: a rumpled grey suit and a brown sweater that looked as if coffee had been freshly spilled down it.

Dean quickly proved to the men across the table that he was resourceful. He recited verbatim extracts from the armistice agreement, from relevant U.N. documents he had learned by heart. Through 19 sessions, he displayed cool good sense. And when he walked out last week, he did so not because of the Communist insults, but because he had decided that the Communists were deliberately stalling the conference, as they also stalled the P.W. explanations. Behind the scenes, too, Dean turned in a crisp textbook performance. He had his staff prepare "situation papers" every day, and sent poorly reasoned ones back with such comments as "This would never stand up in a court of law."

The Talks. As per the book, Wall Street Lawyer Dean did not come out at once with the best U.S. offer. At the end of the first month, he said that the U.S. was ready for Asian neutrals to join the Korean peace conference as "observers." But the Communists wanted Russia included as a neutral, and this Dean would not have. Russia would be "a back-seat driver constantly telling everyone where to go, how to get there, what turn to take . . . We can't have the Soviet Union there like the proverbial mother-in-law, all gab and no responsibility."

Dean will fly back to the U.S. this week. If the Communists really want to resume the talks and make sufficient amends, his aides are ready to go on. Dulles had a special reason for sending Dean to Panmunjom: he wanted a fresh reconnaissance of Chinese Communist diplomacy, Dean's counsel: "The best approach to the Communist mentality is to get a reasonable proposal, and stick to it."

COLD WAR

Yes, No or Maybe

President Eisenhower's dramatic proposals for a worldwide atomic-energy pool last week drew praise not only from friends, but from not always friendly critics. EISENHOWER PLAN MAY PREVENT WAR, said the headline in New Delhi's influential *Hindustan Times*. Wrote Paris' neutralist *Le Monde*: "He speaks the language which can and must be used by sensible men of whatever camp."

The response that mattered most was Russia's, and at first it was hostile. The day after the President spoke in the U.N. General Assembly, Moscow radio said: "Eisenhower threatened atomic war." Then the men in the Kremlin apparently decided to reconsider. Three days later Moscow radio announced that Foreign Minister Molotov had already assured U.S. Ambassador Charles E. ("Chip") Bohlen that Russia will give "serious attention" to the U.S. plan.

The Soviet about-face was one more sign that Joseph Stalin's successors are capable of a surprising indecisiveness in foreign affairs. Just a month before, the Communists slammed the door on a four-power conference, then suddenly opened it again, clumsily recovering their grip on the doorknob.



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FOREIGN NEWS

INDIA

Point Counterpoint

The news seemed hard to believe, but in New Delhi last week, a knowledgeable source vouched for it: India has instructed K.P.S. Menon,* its Ambassador in Moscow, to discuss the possibility of Soviet military aid for India. Pandit Nehru apparently hopes thereby to deter the U.S. from sending arms to India's mortal enemy, Pakistan.

Since the first rumors of U.S.-Pakistan talks came out of Karachi last month, Nehru and most Indians have alternated between fright and fury. President Eisenhower denied last month that U.S. arms aid for Pakistan, in return for U.S. air bases in Pakistan, is under discussion. Indians remained unconvinced. Remembering the Hindu-Muslim bloodbath of 1947, when more than 500,000 were killed, and the cold war which has gone on ever since in Kashmir, Indians believe that Pakistan wants U.S. tanks or jet bombers only for use against India. "If the U.S. gives military aid to Pakistan," warned one of Nehru's closest friends, "you can be certain that Panditji will do something drastic. He will not let the security of India be threatened."

Red Jubilation. In strange ways, as if the inscrutability were intended, India was behaving drastically last week. Unusual crowds, including prominent officeholders and Nehru supporters, attended functions honoring a visiting Red Chinese cultural mission. India's Communist Party came out for Universal Military Training, proving, according to one U.S. observer, that "they think they're going to get India." One grinning Communist M.P. asked an American: "What are you waiting for? We would be thankful if you would sign up with Pakistan quickly."

India must stand "more resolutely united now than ever before," Nehru told a graduating class of air-force cadets. The army should "imbibe the spirit of invincibility and steadfastness from the noble Himalayas" . . . "If the strength of Pakistan's army increases with U.S. aid . . . this will disturb without fail the entire balance of power in this region." Nehru told some 500,000 in Calcutta that he would oppose Communism if it disturbed the peace, but that the U.S.-Pakistan reports are "uppermost in the mind of every thinking Indian." Nehru fired off another blistering note to Pakistan, the *Times of India* reported, "so that India's case will not go by default, and her policy can also be molded in such a way as to meet the new circumstances."

Behind all this bluster were genuine misgivings, and perhaps a diplomatic counterplay. Two weeks ago, India signed a five-year trade agreement—of unspecified amount—with Moscow, pledging to

send jute products, tea, coffee, shellac and black pepper to Russia in return for 39 items, such as petroleum, "iron and steel manufactures," and "a wide range of industrial equipment." This agreement could easily be turned into supplying India with Russian military hardware, if the U.S. and Pakistan made a deal. In New Delhi, foreign diplomats suspect that it was Russia that first suggested this possibility to India.

Balance of Power. The U.S. State Department doubts that India would relax her cold-war neutrality any more toward Russia than toward the West. Yet Nehru seems to regard neutrality not so much as a negative attitude but as a positive balancing. The question is whether India can



AMBASSADOR MENON
Between fright and fury.

get arms from Russia without being sucked into the Russian orbit. "That seems a silly question to most Indians," cabled *TIME* Correspondent Joe David Brown. "The invariable reply is that India has accepted millions from the U.S. and has not gone to the West."

"Nehru has always envisioned India as holding the balance of power in Asia. He fears a rival to this privileged position, either one country or a bloc of countries. He has been extremely bitter about Tibet—the Chinese occupation was a Pearl Harbor to his ego. He truly fears that Pakistan will attack India if it has the slightest chance of winning. He is an India-firster to the core, and he doesn't care whether his policies benefit the rest of the world as long as they benefit India and keep her on top in Asia. Nehru truly believes that he can prevent war coming to Asia, and feels positive that he can prevent it from touching India. But he wants to be neutral—not neutralized."

GREAT BRITAIN

Decline or Fall (Contd.)

Topic A in the House of Commons last week was still the colonial empire. Entrenched at the dispatch box, Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton faced and beat down a series of Labor attacks that were marked by their concern for the welfare of native peoples, by their antipathy toward Lyttelton and by their astonishing lack of preparation.

Lyttelton announced the first constructive program to remove the causes of Kenya's bitter war against the Mau Mau. Britain will allocate \$14 million to finance a far-reaching development plan for African agriculture. The money will do far less good today, after 14 months of bloodshed, than it might have done a year ago, but at least the government's plan looked to the future. The Labor opposition, by contrast, looked only to the past.

Hands Tied. Shocked by Lyttelton's disclosure that in the last eleven months 2,821 Mau Mau—and Mau Mau "suspects"—have been killed and only 980 captured, the Socialists last week condemned Whitehall's "Shoot to kill" order against the terrorists. Ex-Grenadier Guardsman Lyttelton repulsed them in character: "I am not yet prepared . . . to allow British soldiers in these forest areas to . . . fight entirely with their hands tied behind their backs."

The Socialists got more of the same when they tried to censure Lyttelton for his drastic action last October in forestalling a Communist coup in British Guiana. Both sides of the House had applauded his statement that there is no room in the Commonwealth for a Communist state, but the Socialists questioned his wisdom in suspending the tiny colony's six-months-old constitution. They muffled their case badly: James Chuter Ede, onetime Laborite Home Secretary, made a memorable blunder by referring to Guiana as an "island."

Mortal Danger. Lyttelton's defense was simple and eloquent: "The security of the colony was in mortal danger . . . Action, immediate action had to take place." The House sustained Lyttelton, 304 to 271; and, despite a three-line party whip, two Laborites broke discipline by refusing to vote against him.

Beaten and humiliated, the Socialists would have been prudent to retire to do some badly needed homework on colonial geography. But they pressed the fight, switching the battleground to the Protectorate of Uganda, where Lyttelton fortnight ago dethroned King Mutesa II (*TIME*, Dec. 14). The Socialists tabled a motion of censure: "That this House expresses its grave disquiet at the handling of affairs in Africa." Unless the Socialists developed a better brief, the Tories stood to win this one too, even though there is in Great Britain grave disquiet at the turn of affairs in Africa.

* No kin to India's Chief U.N. Delegate V. K. Krishna Menon.

Merry Christmas

With eleven children to support, contentious Coal Miner Willie Farrell, who rather smokes nor drinks, prefers to rest all his holidays. In his twelve years at Scotland's Mauchline Colliery near Glasgow, Farrell has been off only twice, once to stay at home when his wife was giving a baby, another time to go to the hospital to have his ulcers treated. By working on all of his regular days off and his two-week paid vacation each year,



© Kemley House

MINER FARRELL & CHILDREN
Two for one.

Willie got double pay for a lot of his time. Last summer, chafing over Willie's industry, fellow miners told him that he could take his days off like everyone else. "We fought for holidays and everyone should take them," they said. Anxious to please, Willie agreed to take a vacation, signed up for a bowling tournament and got his vacation pay in advance. Then his bosses, shorthanded, asked him to change his mind.

Without Pay. Still anxious to please, Willie put off the vacation and went to work at double time. Last week the National Union of Mineworkers threatened to call a strike of 900 colliery workers unless Willie took his vacation. So Willie left. He hoped that now everyone would be satisfied, but it did seem a bit hard on the kids, who face a lean Christmas because their father, who has long since spent the money he got last summer, will get no pay for the two weeks.

Willie Farrell was not the only union man to incur the displeasure of his fellow workers. Sixteen members of the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Associations who, for one reason or another, refused to observe a nationwide one-day "token strike" were sentenced to social ostracism in their own plants. At Derbyshire's Staveley Iron Works, Work-

son Hewitt was forced to take his meals alone. For the next six months,

Ron's 300 co-workers will not even give him a "good morning" when he comes to work. Their only communication with him during his five hours at work each day will be the monosyllables "up" or "down" necessary to his job as a crane operator.

Without Party. In Coventry, Electrical Worker Lucy Williams, who had also showed up for work on strike day, was given back the ten shillings that she had contributed to the factory Christmas-party fund, and was told that if she went to the party everybody else would leave. "I had a good cry over it," said Lucy. "Then I took the afternoon off and had my hair permed and that made me feel better."

These Christmas presents were as nothing, however, compared to the plans that the 400,000-strong National Union of Railwaymen was making for the whole nation last week. Getting nowhere after months of negotiations with the boss—the government—the N.U.R.'s strapping Scottish Secretary Jim Campbell threatened to bring all British railways to a full stop over Christmas. "My men are sick, sore and sorry," he said. "They feel that they are on the losing end of nationalization."

If the railwaymen, who consider themselves among Britain's most underpaid workers, bring off their strike, it will be the most serious work stoppage in Britain since the paralyzing General Strike of 1926.

SPAIN

Back to Work

Jenaro Riestra, the civil governor of the Spanish port of Bilbao, was summoned to Madrid last week, there got orders to settle the strike that had cut back production at the Euskalduna works, one of his city's biggest steel plants (TIME, Dec. 14). Though newspapers printed no word of the strike and mail from Bilbao was interrupted, the news of Bilbao's woe was spreading by word of mouth. Madrid wanted a settlement, quickly and in silence, before other Spanish workers decided to join in.

In Bilbao, Governor Riestra got a welcome assist from the unpredictable Spanish climate. Heavy rains broke the months-old drought; hydroelectric stations started humming. Workers recently laid off went back to their jobs—but not at Euskalduna. The steel plant's blustering, belligerent manager, Elisardo Bilbao, an employer misplanned from the 19th century, posted a notice in the Plaza de la Misericordia. It said: all those who struck are fired.

Governor Riestra called in Don Elisardo. "Listen here, that notice has got to come down. Your men are ready to give up. It is our duty to encourage them."

Elisardo: "I can't take back that bunch of rioters."

Governor: "You had better. Madrid orders it. If you don't, I'll withdraw the police protecting your plant. That might prove unpleasant."

Next morning the notice had gone, and another was in its place: "Workers needed

immediately." Another sign promised that the plant would henceforth operate full scale and that workers would be paid for overtime and piecework. Haughty Don Elisardo took back the 1,400 hungry, silent men in black berets who had dared to strike against him. But he had a triumph anyway: he called them all "new employees." Every striker was penalized by losing his seniority—a man with 40 years' service was hired on the same basis as any young lad just out of school.

FRANCE

Love and the Budget

If there is any subject that is guaranteed to divert a French Deputy from a prosaic discussion of a budget, it is Love—sacred or profane. Last week France's National Assembly was debating whether to cut the \$71-a-month allotted to Deputies for secretarial help. Socialist Deputy Maurice Deixonne objected that France's No. 1 Communist, Deputy Maurice Thorez, continues to draw salary and secretarial allowance "even though he has not set foot in the Assembly for years. Surely the Communist Party doesn't need the money. Mr. Thorez rides around in a car modeled on that of the King of Yemen. He lives on the Riviera in a magnificent villa surrounded by swarms of bodyguards. For my part, I suggest that two



Interpretation

COMRADE THOREZ & WIFE
One for two.

Deputies living in concubinage should receive only one allowance."

That did it. Communists set up a whoop & holler; one Red Deputy wanted to settle affairs with Deixonne in the corridor. Others challenged his facts. The truth is that the now ailing Thorez lived for years in unsanctified amour with frowsy-haired Communist Deputy Jeannette Vermeersch



Everybody but the kitten has a front-row seat

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and fathered her three children, but he and Jeannette are understood to have been quietly married in 1946.

The Communist Deputies raised such an uproar over the gibes that the session finally had to be suspended—the first time, said one Deputy, that the subject of love ever had that much effect on a French National Assembly.

CEYLON

Business Is No Pleasure

Despite the U.N. ban on shipping strategic materials to Red China, the British Dominion of Ceylon (not a member of the U.N.) 14 months ago negotiated an agreement with Red China to trade rubber for rice. Last week, after Peking enthusiastically offered to follow up its trade envoys with a good-will mission, new Premier Sir John Kotalawala made clear that the Communists are welcome in Ceylon's counting room, but not in its parlor. "I have sent a reply to the Chinese reminding them we have a trade agreement and to let our relations remain that way," he told newsmen. "I said to them: 'We have not taken anything from you. We sell you rubber, you sell us rice. Ceylon has no other friendship or dealing with Communist China, nor does she want to.'"

SAUDI ARABIA

Western Woman

The bullet that killed Lebanon's first and greatest Premier, brilliant, little Riad el Solh (TIME, July 30, 1951), distressed the generous heart of old Ibn Saud, autocrat of Saudi Arabia. The old lion of the desert could always count on an ally when El Solh was representing Lebanon. Ibn Saud wept and vowed to look after his old friend's widow and four daughters. Tragically in the patriarchal Arab world, El Solh died without leaving a son.

So in the summer of 1953, when 29-year-old Sultan Al-Saud arrived in Lebanon, he bore his father's sympathy to the bereaved family and an offer of \$79,000 to the widow so that she might finance the mansion her husband had begun. Then Emir Sultan's eye lighted upon 22-year-old Alia Solh. She was slender and bright, with dark eyes that pierced like a Bedouin's when she was talking and crinkled when she smiled. She was also the big girl on campus at the American University of Beirut, where she studied political science and practiced it by leading demonstrations for women's rights, daring hapless cops to shoot her down.

The Spark. Though Sultan was Ibn Saud's 16th son, he was one of his favorites. Unlike some of the other 43 sons, he was able and hard working. As mayor of the capital city of Riyadh, he had done a first-rate job, and in negotiations with Aramco he had amazed the American oilmen with his quick mind. Matchmakers suggested that Alia and Sultan would make a good couple; Ibn Saud and El Solh's widow agreed. Sultan heeded his father and in traditional Arabic style delicately indicated his wish to Mme. Solh

through go-betweens. Unaware of all this, Alia went off to England, then to Paris for a holiday. Quite by chance, Sultan appeared in Paris, too, and inquired around about his bride-to-be. What he heard alarmed him. He hired detectives, who reported that Alia was indeed no strict Moslem maiden but was gadding about the Left Bank with a young crowd, behaving herself like a thoroughly emancipated, Western-style 22-year-old.

The Flame. When Alia returned to Beirut this fall and learned of the marriage negotiations, she laid down conditions. She would marry Sultan if he would join the foreign service and live in Washington, Paris, London, Beirut or any other



ALIA SOLH

The matchmakers bowed out.

civilized place. She would not live in Saudi Arabia, where women stay in seclusion. She would never wear a veil. Sultan must marry no other woman and must agree to live his entire life with her. Sultan must put a large sum in escrow just in case he should decide to leave her.

When Sultan heard these terms, he paled and muttered to himself. Added to what he had learned about Alia in Paris, this was too much. Though he wished to honor his dying father's dynastic wish, he wanted a traditional Moslem wife, not a Western woman. Meanwhile, in Beirut, Alia did some fast research on her own and discovered that Sultan already had at least one wife, as well as two sons and four daughters.

Last week it was all over. The matchmakers bowed out. Alia was back in her political science classes at the American University of Beirut. Sultan tended to his job of governing Riyadh and seemed a

good bet to become Saudi Arabia's Minister of Agriculture. Both heaved great sighs of relief. Their families were disappointed, but also aware that times have changed in the Middle East.

INDO-CHINA

Without a Fight

Laichau is a tiny mud village in northwestern Viet Nam, where the clack of mah-jongg tiles used to be heard day & night. For seven years of war, although it is only 30 miles from the Chinese border, Laichau remained in French hands. Last week it was lost to Ho Chi Minh's Communists without a fight.

Laichau had been an important base for rallying the friendly Thai tribesmen in the northwestern wilds, but the French commanders had compelling tactical reasons for giving it up. It was supplied and manned only by air, yet it has a small, poor airstrip, with steep mountain cliffs on both sides. If the Reds brought mortars to the high ground above the airstrip, they could take it under devastating fire.

Last month, in a brilliant airborne attack, the French Union forces seized the enemy base at Dienbienphu (TIME, Nov. 30), some 50 miles south of Laichau. Dienbienphu lies on a broad plateau with a good airfield, which the French soon put in condition and ringed with barbed wire and trenches. From this base they could keep in touch with Thai anti-Communist guerrillas by radio. When the enemy moved up his 316th Division from the southeast, in position to attack either Dienbienphu or Laichau, the French decided to let Laichau go. They evacuated the garrison (using part of it to strengthen Dienbienphu), blew up their installations in Laichau, and left the tractor flying for the incoming Reds to cut down.

GERMANY

No. 300,000

On Dec. 9, as the Red *Berliner Zeitung* trumpeted proudly that East Zone Christmas "gift tables will be more richly covered than ever before," 75-year-old Karl Meier bleakly shook his head, packed whatever he could into inconspicuous bundles and creaked furtively across the boundary into West Berlin. Herr Meier, a pensioned railwayman, thereby achieved a statistical distinction: he was the 300,000th refugee to escape to West Berlin in 1953, the biggest year of flight since World War II. The refugee rollcall for the preceding four years:

1949—129,000

1950—197,000

1951—185,000

1952—182,000

What makes a refugee run? Since July 1, reported West Berlin officials, 23,421 fled for political reasons; 36,124 for "humanity" reasons, *i.e.*, being ordered into uranium mines; 14,939 were youths under 25 who had no homes or were dodging the VOPO (People's Police) draft.

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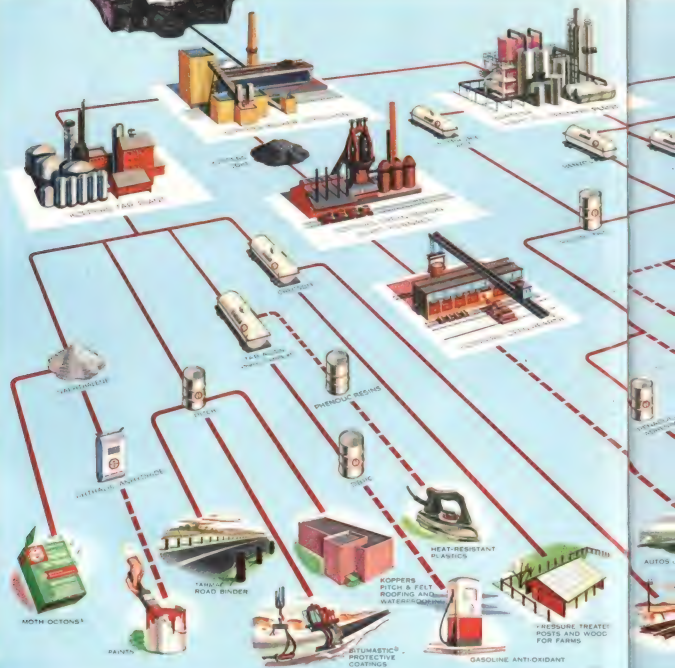
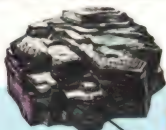
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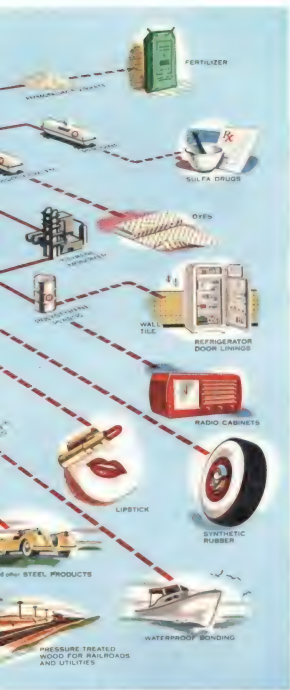
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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

First-Class Mail by Air

Starting April 1, Canada will send all first-class out-of-town mail by air. Postage rates will be increased from 4¢ to 5¢ for a one-ounce letter, but there will no longer be an additional charge for air delivery; Canada's 7¢ air-mail stamps will be discontinued.

The rate boost will enable Canada's Post Office to continue its record as a government moneymaker. Only twice since 1933 has the department lost money; its 20-year surplus is nearly \$90 million.^{*} The new rates will add some \$15,000,000 to postal revenue, help meet rising costs, and keep the department operating in the black.

Defense Against Dumping

Besieged by union and management representatives from its limping textile industry, Canada acted last week to increase tariffs against underpriced fabrics from abroad—mainly the U.S. Revenue Minister James McCann announced in the House of Commons that, under newly adopted customs rules, his office could apply special dumping duties on textiles sold in Canada for less than the "normal price" previously charged by manufacturers in their own countries. This was intended to meet a complaint that U.S. manufacturers sell end-of-season stocks in Canada at cost or less.

For two years, textiles have been a deficit-ridden exception to Canada's general prosperity. The rise in value of the Canadian dollar removed a competitive advantage just when U.S. manufacturers began putting steam into their Canadian selling drive. Canadian manufacturers, who produced 68% of their nation's fabrics in 1950, will be lucky to hold half the market this year. The result: shutdowns and layoffs in many of Canada's textile mills (normally the nation's biggest employers of factory workers), and short work weeks in the mills that kept going.

No one expected the new anti-dumping rules to restore textile prosperity overnight. It was doubtful whether that could be accomplished even by higher tariffs and more protection—devices which Canada criticizes in other nations, and for which Canadian consumers would foot the bill. But, with the jobs of 100,000 workers at stake, the government may have to try just such unpalatable measures.

BRAZIL

New Life in the Mountains

One of Brazil's coming men is Juscelino Kubitschek, 52, the trim, dynamic son of German-Polish immigrants who is governor of the Texas-sized inland state of Minas Gerais (pop. 8,000,000). When high-spirited Juscelino ran for office three

years ago, he wooed the isolated backland voters with hillbilly songs (*How can a fish live out of water? How can I live without you?*) and dazzling promises of roads and electricity. Unlike many another Brazilian political charmer, Juscelino is making his campaign oratory come true. His slogan: "What I start I finish."

The governor's program called for expanding the state's road network by 50%. Halfway through his term, he has built 1,125 miles of new roads—just about half his goal. Even the federal program of building three trunk highways across the state is up to the mark. Last week Juscelino returned from Rio with word that he had saved another \$7,500,000 Minas road-building project; it had been scheduled for slicing from the federal budget under Brazil's new austerity program. The governor's program of doubling the state's electricity supply, carried out under a new \$50 million power authority, is well on its way to fulfillment.

Rejuvenating as Juscelino's shot-in-the-arm may be for the rundown economy of his whole state, its most startling results strike the eye in Minas' young capital city of Belo Horizonte. It was laid out just 60 years ago as a Washington-like model city on one of the mountainous state's few relatively level patches of land. Now Belo Horizonte is a booming metropolis of more than 400,000, the hub of Juscelino's net of roads and power lines. Its population has doubled in a decade. Beside its 100-ft.-wide streets, its 129 plazas and parks rise new skyscrapers such as the 24-story Banco da Lavoura, the severely elegant Hotel Normandy and a newly started, 35-story apartment house designed by famed Architect Oscar Niemeyer.

A new, unplanned-for industrial city

has mushroomed just beyond the capital's fig-shaped circumferential boulevard, and some of the well-chaperoned girls who used to promenade under the lights in the palace square now work in bright new textile mills. A \$20 million, German-financed steel-tube plant is under construction, and five cement companies are moving in. Though smiling at comparisons with lordly São Paulo, Mineiros agree that their state's natural wealth (manganese, thorium, bauxite, eleven billion tons of iron) points logically to the development of heavy industry. For his part, Juscelino just wants to get on with the power and the roads. "I have signed a promissory note to the voters and I've got to pay it," he says.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

A Spell of Unemployment

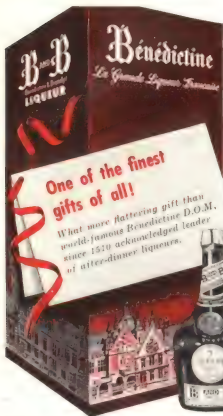
Porfirio Rubirosa has held his job at the Dominican Republic's Paris embassy long enough to fray many a pair of striped pants, and the job has been good to him. In a typical workday (late as minister counselor), he might play polo at Deauville, or catch the races at Auteuil. Evenings, unless he happened to be spreading joy in Cannes or Monte Carlo, he usually liked to start early at Maxim's.

"Rubi" launched his career back in 1933 with a brief marriage to the spectacular Flor de Oro Trujillo, daughter of Dominican Dictator Rafael ("El Benefactor") Trujillo. Despite their divorce he was named chargé d'affaires in Paris in 1939, and went on to marry, successively, Actress Danielle Darrieux, sometimes called "the most beautiful woman in the world," and Doris Duke Cromwell, "the richest woman in the world." His job also



BELO HORIZONTE, BOOM TOWN CAPITAL
From promenades in the plaza to moneymaking in the mills.

^{*} The annual deficit of the U.S. Post Office climbed to \$227 million last year.



Benedictine

In the bottle with the red seal.
First made in 1510, and still made at
the ancient abbey in Fécamp.



In the bottle with the gold seal.
A drier liqueur. Benedictine blended
perfectly with fine old cognac.



D.O.M.

Bottled in France
86 Proof



Let this seal
be your guide
to Quality

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N.Y.

led him to seeming affluence far beyond his official salary of \$600 a month. Last week it came to a halt: Rubi got fired.

Said the Dominican Foreign Office's announcement: "Complaints received in connection with the personal conduct of Señor Porfirio Rubirosa have led to the cancellation of his appointment." Since his divorce from Doris in 1948, Rubi has become, in the words of his friend and chronicler, Hearst Columnist Cholly Knickerbocker, the "most famous foreign correspondent of the year." Tobacco Heir Richard Reynolds Jr. accused Rubi of "in-discretions" with Mrs. Marianne O'Brien Reynolds (who denied she was "ever in a hotel room" with Rubi, and got a hefty settlement). Socialite Golfer Robert Sweeney, suing 1948's dazzling Debutante



Zsa Zsa & RUBI
A reminder from the boss.

Joanne Connelley Sweeney on grounds of adultery, named Rubi, and won the suit. Lately Rubi has been romancing Hungarian Beauty Zsa Zsa Gabor, whose husband, Cinemactor George Sanders, is suing on the ground of mental cruelty.

Did Dictator Trujillo, a man of the world, really take umbrage at Rubi's conduct? A likelier explanation might be that Trujillo was simply reminding Rubi that the Benefactor is still the one & only boss. Any public official under Trujillo may suffer an occasional, penitential spell of unemployment; Rubi's turn has obviously come. For a while, he will have to get along without the magic diplomatic passport, will have to let the customs officers of New York, Cherbourg and other way stations muss his socks and shirts. Then, his café-society pals confidently believe, he will be restored to diplomacy and the work for which he is so well fitted.

THE GENERAL TIRE

PUNCTURE-SEALING SAFETY TUBE

- Prevents punctures because it seals as it rolls.
- Safer—absorbs shocks. Protects against blowouts.
- Adds security for women drivers.
- 100% natural rubber. Outwears several casings.

SEE YOUR GENERAL TIRE DEALER

Magnificent gift
for all the family!

THE PLAYHOUSE 21. Big 21-inch screen with Chromatic Filter in a smart modern cabinet. White oak, blond or rich mahogany finish.

magnificent
Magnavox
televisions

BETTER SIGHT... BETTER SOUND... BETTER BUY

Number 6
in a series



A tall order was what Mitchell and Tourtelot, Chicago architects and engineers, faced in the new 200-man residence hall (above) for the McCormick Theological Seminary. It had to be done fast and economically—ordinarily conflicting requirements. The hall was

built in record time—4 months, 5 days—for an unprecedented low cost. The contract was less than the estimate, and the final cost less than the contract. Detailed planning and supervision paid off handsomely. Frank W. Riederer, Chicago, was the consulting mechanical engineer.

The Value of the Architect

He can help you build a residence hall in record time at low cost, and he can design a distinguished home for comfortable living in the country's unusual southwestern climate.



Another kind of tall order was filled by Santa Fe, New Mexico architect Kenneth S. Clark. His assignment—to design spacious house with huge windows to show the colorful view, and also one that would allow comfortable living in the southwestern summers. The ranch style home fits perfectly to the exciting character of this setting—the architect used large portals and an overhanging roof to protect glass areas from the hot sun . . . an attractive fence for privacy in the well-placed patio and yard . . . and an unusual gallery to connect areas inside the house.

"It can't be done!"

Those, it seems, are challenging words to the modern architect when it comes to a building problem.

For proof of how today's architect well-meets such a challenge, examine the Chicago residence hall above and the Santa Fe, New Mexico house on your left. These are typical examples of the outstanding kind of work being done today, on all types of buildings, everywhere in the country.

The modern architect brings to any project a vast knowledge of design and construction technique. And he is able to draw upon the many skills of professional engineers for specification and installation of all types of modern mechanical equipment.

When you're thinking of building or remodeling, call in an architect at the earliest planning stage.

This page is published in the interest of all who are considering construction, that they may experience the advantages of professional advice, as they strive toward better living, better working.

Honeywell contributes to this effort by producing fine automatic controls for heating, ventilating and air conditioning systems in the nation's homes and commercial buildings; for industrial processing; for ships, planes, trains and buses.

Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Poet **Robert Frost**, 78, whose verses sing the praises of simple living and hard work (*The Axe-Helve*), delivered some prosy philosophy in Berkeley, Calif.: "I never thought much of work. I'm not industrious. I have nothing to 'retire' from. My life has been one long vacation." Of some of his compatriots who have fled the U.S. through the years, in search of new artistic freedoms, Frost said: "I never felt the call to be an expatriate. But I hold it to be the inalienable right of anybody to go to hell in his own way."

Archbishop **Richard J. Cushing** entered Boston's St. Elizabeth Hospital for an hour-long prostate gland operation. This week he will undergo a kidney operation.

Charging cruelty, Mrs. Ruth Garsson, 33, filed suit for separation against 63-year-old former Munitions Maker **Murray Garsson**, now living quietly in New York City since his release from prison over two years ago. Garsson served 19 months of an 8-to-24-month sentence. With his brother Henry and Kentucky's former Representative **Andrew May**, he had been convicted of conspiracy and bribery involving Government contracts.

In Helsinki, Composer **Jean Sibelius** celebrated his 88th birthday at a quiet family party at home.

In Naples, Actress **Ingrid Bergman**, still wearing her medieval stage robes and manacles, exchanged toasts with husband **Roberto Rossellini** after the opening of Arthur Honegger's new opera, *Joan of Arc at the Stake*, in which Ingrid starred (but

did not sing). Rossellini directed the production. Ingrid's first stage job since her 1947 appearance on Broadway in Maxwell Anderson's *Joan of Lorraine*.

Terry Moore, well-rounded, perpetually breathless Hollywood actress (*Come Back, Little Sheba*), prepared to leave this week to entertain U.N. troops in Korea. In her special wardrobe was a get-up that any pressagent might view with pride: an ermine bathing suit, ermine hat and ermine-lined mittens and boots.

His voice quavering, wire-maned **David Ben-Gurion**, 67, delivered his "abdication" address in a radio broadcast to the



TERRY MOORE
Ermine for the troops.

citizens of Israel. He was convinced that "in spite of excessive party fragmentation . . . the people of Israel are far more united at heart than many imagine." Then he concluded with a definition of faith, in his version of the words of the Prophet Habakkuk: "Righteous man lives by his faith. He will not preach to others, will not act the saint by calling on others to live justly, will not look for fault in his neighbour. But he will practice his faith in his daily life—he will live it." Next week Ben-Gurion will begin living his as a sheep-farmer in the desert settlement of Sde Boker, near Beersheba.

Paris police picked up a pilot and a former stewardess, accusing them of stealing a reported \$34,285 in gold from the Swissair plane to which they were assigned last October. The pilot owned up that he was the same **Harold E. ("Whitney") Dahl**, 44, American, sometime soldier of



JACK BENNY & MARILYN MONROE
Eyes for the camera.

fortune who was shot down while piloting a fighter plane for the Spanish Republicans in 1937 during Spain's civil war. Dahl had been sentenced to death, but his wife sent her photograph and a plea for mercy to Generalissimo Francisco Franco, who pardoned him.

During a Los Angeles *Examiner* Christmas benefit for needy families, Comedian **Jack Benny**, looking, under the circumstances, no older than his alleged 30, cuddled up to **Marilyn Monroe** and managed, for just a moment, to turn his eyes toward the camera.

King Gustaf and **Queen Louise** of Sweden rose to their feet in Stockholm to honor five of this year's winners of the Nobel Prizes: The U.S.'s **Fritz Lipmann**, Britain's **Hans Adolf Krebs** (both for medicine), Germany's **Hermann Staudinger** (chemistry), The Netherlands' **Fritz Zernike** and Britain's **Sir Winston Churchill** (literature), who was represented by his wife, **Lady Churchill**. In Oslo, Norway, the U.S.'s General **George Catlett Marshall** received the Nobel Peace Prize. As he rose, some Communist hecklers jeered, catcalled and sent a sheaf of propaganda leaflets flying from the balcony. Norway's 81-year-old **King Haakon** promptly jumped to his feet to lead a vigorous round of applause for the general that completely drowned out the Communist commotion.

The news was hardly out that Party-Thrower **Elsa Maxwell** was planning to exclude the **Duchess of Windsor** from her forthcoming "Four-Duchess Ball" before café society reporters began circulating a statement reportedly made by the duchess: "It would take four ordinary duchesses to make one Duchess of Windsor!" From her Waldorf suite, Elsa denied she was even thinking of giving a ball, retorted: "Anyway, it's my prerogative to drop a duchess if I want to. I'm tired of duchesses—some duchesses."



INGRID BERGMAN & ROBERTO ROSSellini
Toast for a star.

and look

"The Power / of Leadership is yours in a CHRYSLER"



YOU WILL TRAVEL CLOAKED IN
GREAT RICHNESS AND GOOD TASTE.
YOU WILL BE AS PROUD OF WHAT
YOUR NEIGHBORS **SEE** IN YOUR NEW
CHRYSLER, AS YOU WILL BE OF
WHAT YOU, YOURSELF, **FEEL** HERE FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE. . .

Here is dynamic new "beauty in action." Every line is contrived to interpret the very real supremacy in motion of the newest Chrysler. Here are taste and great character that speak eloquently for you — that say you own the leader. In a very real sense, this is the most beautiful car of all to drive! The car that will give you a pride of possession that can be yours only with true leadership which can be proved on the highway! This is the leadership that makes Chrysler truly America's First Family of Fine Cars — Imperial New Yorker, New Yorker Deluxe, Windsor Deluxe.

If you took care of your car the way we do United Air Lines Mainliners...

1 EVERY TIME YOU TURNED THE KEY you'd have mechanics inspect your car thoroughly—before and after every trip. Then, every few months, you'd take your car to the garage, where it would get the equivalent of the complete overhaul you see described on this page. (Pictures taken at United Air Lines' huge Maintenance Base at San Francisco.)



2 YOU'D HAVE THE CAR STRIPPED to the frame. Parts would then move on a "production line" to specialists . . . engine to the Engine Overhaul shop for disassembly . . . instruments to the Radio-Electric department and so on.



3 YOU'D HAVE THE PARTS carefully inspected, using scientific equipment including "magic eyes" which can detect metal "fatigue." You'd have a part replaced if it showed even the *slightest* wear. After reassembly you'd have the car tested for hours, just as Mainliners are flight-tested. In addition to reconditioning, the average DC-6 Mainliner has over \$20,000 worth of the latest improvements added so it is returned to service *better* than new.

Both **FIRST CLASS** and **AIR TOURIST** service. Seats on all flights only 2 abreast on each side of a wide aisle.



4 ON UNITED AIR LINES you can be sure that every resource of modern engineering has contributed to the efficiency of your flight. It's just *one* of the ways in which the word *Mainliner* means *more travel value* for you. For reservations call or write United Air Lines or an Authorized Travel Agent.



RELIGION

Definition of a Minister

All Jehovah's Witnesses lay claim to draft exemption on the ground that they are ministers. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court backed up one of them in a 6-to-3 decision. What applied to George Lewis Dickinson of Coalinga, Calif., does not necessarily apply to all Witnesses. Justice Tom C. Clark carefully pointed out in his majority opinion, but neither should a legitimate minister . . . be, for the purposes of the [Selective Service] Act, unfrocked simply because all members of his sect base an exemption claim on the dogma of his faith."

The importance of the decision lay in its judicial definition of a minister, applicable henceforth to all U.S. religious groups. Part-time preaching and teaching . . . not enough, ruled the court. "These services must be regularly performed. They must . . . comprise the registrant's 'vocation.'" But on the other hand, there is no reason why ministers should not have secular jobs on the side, since "many teachers, including those in the more traditional and orthodox sects, may not be blessed with congregations or parishes capable of giving them a living wage."

The Brown Man's Burden

In foreign missions, white men have become the brown man's burden. This was the note sounded repeatedly last week at the annual assembly of the National Council of Churches' Division of Foreign Missions, meeting at Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

On the five-day gathering's opening day, the Rev. Winburn T. Thomas of Pasadena, Calif., a field representative in Indonesia for U.S. mission boards, laid it out in the line for the 300-odd delegates. In Asia, he said, "colonialism is a bigger issue than Communism—and white is the color of colonialism." Almost 90% of U.S. Protestant missionaries now serving overseas, said Dr. Thomas, are white men and women. "I asked the church leaders in mid-Java if they would prefer Negro white workers, and their decision was unanimously against our present practice of sending almost exclusively white missionaries."

Dynamic young M. M. (for Madathilampal Mammen) Thomas, an Indian youth leader now studying at Manhattan's South Theological Seminary, warned his fellow Christians against linking Christianity in Asia with Western civilization. "Christianity must transcend Western civilization," he said, as well as the "evil of denominationalism that discredits Christianity in Asian eyes." And Christian support of conservative or reactionary elements, he added in an interview, is not the way to cope with Communist competition. "The Christian opposition to Communism should express itself as a Christian concern for the social revolution." Anthropologist Absalom Vilakazi of Natal, South Africa, currently teaching at

the Kennedy School of Missions in Hartford, Conn., pointed to the growing movement in South Africa toward what are called separatist churches. These (there were about 800 at the last count in 1948) have broken away from the white-dominated mission churches, to set up their own, sometimes reverting to the practice of polygamy.

The origin of the movement, said Vilakazi, is partly a rejection of what has been called "the apostasy of the missionary churches" from the early simplicity of Christianity and of the first mis-

son Angel Moroni, in aluminum and gold leaf, sounding his trumpet from the templetop, 262 feet above the ground.

Inside, where no gentile (i.e., non-Mormon) may enter, the two main functions of every Mormon temple will be performed: baptism and marriage—of the long dead as well as the living. Retroactive ceremonies in behalf of the dead, Mormons believe, help to bring salvation to the billions who have died during history with no knowledge of the Mormon faith. Thus the Latter-day Saints are famous for their genealogical diligence; teams fan out from Salt Lake City headquarters to search genealogies all over the world that the dead may be known and saved



Ernie Stout

NEW MORMON TEMPLE IN LOS ANGELES
Weddings and baptisms for the dead as well as the living.

sionaries. But it is even more a manifestation of the hunger of the colored man to be free of white domination and stand on his own—"the creed of 'Africa for the Africans' as expressed in church terms."

A View of the Pacific

And in the process of time, the shores of the Pacific may yet be overlooked from the Temple of the Lord.

—Brigham Young

This week, 106 years after he wrote them, the words of the great patriarch of the Latter-day Saints came abundantly true. Some 6,000 Mormons, led by President David O. McKay and ten of the Church's twelve Apostles, assembled atop a Los Angeles hill to lay the cornerstone of the largest (and eleventh) Mormon temple ever built.

The faithful looked with pride at the massive Mayan-style building, covered with cast panels of cement and Wasatch crushed rock, which overlooks the Pacific on the west and downtown Los Angeles on the east. When the temple is finished in the fall of 1955, the City of the Angels will have a new guardian—the Mormon's

with the aid of the living. Similarly the "sealing ceremony" vicariously marries up couples of modern Mormons' ancestors—eventually uniting all Mormons and (they hope) the world.

The \$4,000,000 temple will be big enough to serve 100,000 living Mormons. At present there are some 70,000 Saints in the Southern California area, an increase of 10,000 in the past five years. Said President McKay: "More and more people are turning to us because this is the greatest way of life there is."

Words & Works

¶ The Council of Bishops of the Methodist Church, concluding that their church has a message more important than any now being offered to telev viewers, agreed in principle to a Methodist TV program. Next step: a drive to raise about \$300,000 to get started.

¶ The Vatican's official newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, announced that the Chinese Communists have expelled 4,773 foreign Roman Catholic missionaries since 1947. According to the paper, there were 5,496 Catholic missionaries in China when the Communists took over.

RADIO & TELEVISION

Anybody Listening?

A group of radiomen fearfully hired Alfred Pollitz Research, Inc. to find out if anyone was still listening to radio in the nation's TV areas. Last week they were crowing about the results:

❑ In TV areas, during an average winter day, two out of three adults said they had listened to radio; 94.5% reported they owned one or more radios in working order.

❑ Most people (57%) listen to radio before and during breakfast, while they are busy dressing, bathing, eating, etc.

❑ A radio set is the most widely owned U.S. appliance: 15% ahead of refrigerators, 9% ahead of bathtubs, 16% ahead of telephones, and 22% ahead of TV sets.

❑ In the past 4½ years, during the period of TV's prodigious growth, 43% of the population bought new radios.

❑ Asked what they would do if they heard a rumor that war had broken out, 54% of those interviewed answered: "Turn on the radio."

Unsilent Night

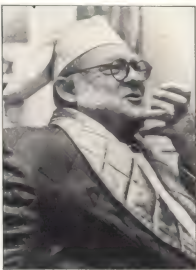
Radio and TV men confidently expect this to be the biggest and loudest Christmas in the history of broadcasting. The Yuletide will resound with *Silent Night* sung by stars ranging from the Metropolitan Opera's Eleanor Steber to Julius La Rosa and played by orchestras as diverse as the New York Philharmonic-Symphony and Whitey Berquist's hillbilly Home-standers. Christmas carols in English and eight other languages will pour from the throats of dozens of choirs from colleges (Vassar, Augustana, Hamilton, Bowling Green State), churches (Salt Lake Tabernacle, St. Patrick's Cathedral, Manhattan's Trinity), industries (General Motors, Texaco, Hotpoint, Burlington Mills) and other lyrical groups, including Boys Town, Kansas City's 280-voice Messiah Choir and the choruses of Keeler Air Force Base and Norfolk Naval Base.

Yuletide Backgrounds. Bob Crosby will sing both *Rock of Ages* and *Sioux City* Sing, while Brother Bing appears with Louella Parsons for the tenth year in a row to sing *Adeste Fideles*. Fred Waring gives his fifth annual Christmas Party: *Hallmark Hall of Fame* offers the fourth production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, and all seven of the top tunes on *Your Hit Parade* are to be cunningly placed in Yuletide backgrounds. Singers will tie into such favorites as *White Christmas*, *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*, and *Jingle Bells*. The song pluggers are hotly pushing such potential new hits as *I Want a Hippopotamus for Christmas* and *There's No Christmas Like a Home Christmas*.

There will be at least six Scrooges starring in as many versions of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*: Lionel Barrymore (for the 17th time), Alec Guinness, Edmund Gwenn, Sir Laurence Olivier, Noel Leslie and Ronald Colman. On TV's *Topper*, Ac-

cess Lee Patrick will read *A Christmas Carol* to Leo G. Carroll. All the networks will carry the tree-lighting ceremony at the White House; most of them will broadcast Queen Elizabeth's Yuletide greetings. For the 14th time, *Amos 'n' Andy* will retell the *Lord's Prayer*; Helen Hayes reads a Christmas poem on *Omnibus*; Ed Murrow spends Christmas in Korea, and the *Joyful Hour* returns for the seventh year.

On the *Comedy Hour*, Donald O'Connor will tell a Christmas story with the help of the "Rose Bowl Queen and her court of beautiful ladies," and Garry Moore will enliven his Christmas entertainment by featuring "Zippy, a lovable chimpanzee." Gene Autry intends to give "the cowboy's version of the story of the



Ralph Crane—Block Star

LIONEL BARRYMORE

Six Scrooges and a lovable chimp.

nativity." and *Wild Bill Hickok* rides *The Santa Claus Trail*. *Zoo Parade*'s Marlin Perkins will read a Christmas story to some of his tamer animals grouped about a Christmas tree.

Jolly Tie-Ins. The *Big Top*'s sponsor, Sealtest, will omit its commercials in deference to the Christmas spirit, while sponsors Fabst and Gillette are graciously substituting variety shows for their boxing bouts during Christmas week. *The Night Before Christmas* will be on *Let's Pretend* for the 15th straight year, and *The Greatest Story Ever Told* features *No Room at the Inn* for the seventh time.

Most of the dramatic shows are out to wring the last drop of sentiment from the last branch of mistletoe. *Danger* tells of "a conflict between an emotional boy of the streets and a department-store Santa Claus"; *Playhouse of Stars* points a moral with its tale of "two mixed-up people who find out that Christmas is more than just a lot of extra work." *Life With Father*, *My Friend Irma*, the *Jack Benny Show*, *Our Miss Brooks*, *My Little Margie*,

Dragnet and just about everything else are similarly provided with timely Christmas-plot gimmicks. Only a few scattered individualists—notably, the *U.S. Steel Hour* and *I Love Lucy*—are resisting the Christmas tie-in. The only non-jolly note is supplied by CBS Radio; its hour-long documentary, *Dead Stop*, deals with traffic accidents and is intended as a sober warning to holiday motorists fleeing their radio and TV sets.

The Vanishing Word

Advertising men seem to be equipped with a sort of internal radar. As they pore over radio and TV scripts before they go on the air, the radar sets off a series of alarms—and certain words disappear forever from certain shows. Thus, on Philip Morris' *I Love Lucy* or the *Camel News Caravan* no one is ever referred to as "lucky." And on *Lucky Strike* shows there is never any mention of camels or caravans, of hoards of old gold, or of chesterfield sofas or overcoats. An adman for Chesterfield recently rewrote the lyrics of the show tune, *Blue Room*, for Singer Perry Como. The offending line read: "I can smoke my pipe away."

Some other last-minute rescues by admen:

❑ In Chicago, Meat Packers Oscar Mayer & Co., famed for their frankfurters, agreed to sponsor a children's show, but only after it was retitled from *Homer, the Horse to Elmer, the Elephant*.

❑ On *Kraft TV Theater*, the name of a leading character was hurriedly changed. His name: Borden.

❑ Despite the high incidence of mayhem on *Suspense*, sponsor Auto-Lite, makers of car appliances, sees to it that no one is ever hurt in an auto accident.

❑ On *Studio One*, sponsor Westinghouse has brilliantly faced up to some difficult situations. One script was turned down at the last minute when a sure-eyed adman found that its plot revolved about a leaky refrigerator. And, to protect the tender sensibilities of Westinghouse's lamp department, *Studio One* obligingly switched the title of Rudyard Kipling's *The Light That Failed* to *The Gathering Night*.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Dec. 18, Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Bob Hope Show (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC). **Report from Overseas** (Sat. 3 p.m., CBS). Commentator Douglas Edwards interviews Santa Claus.

Lux Radio Theater (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). *Peter Pan*, with Kathryn Beaumont, Bobby Driscoll.

TELEVISION

Soundstage (Fri. 9:30 p.m., NBC). *The Man Who Knew O. Henry*, with Dorothy Peterson, Wallace Ford.

Jackie Gleason Show (Sat. 8 p.m., CBS).

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *Cinderella '53*, with music by Cole Porter.

THE GREAT MANHATTAN BOOM

MANHATTAN, written off long ago by city planners as a dying city because of its jammed-in skyscrapers and canyonlike streets, has defied and amazed its critics with a phenomenal postwar building boom. In the short space of seven years, the big city has grown so fast that if all the new buildings were piled up, they would form a man-made mountain more than twice as tall as Mount Everest; Americans could soar 13 miles high in an elevator.

By last week 965 new buildings, costing an estimated \$417 million, had been built, 32 of them this year. And still another 94, worth about \$125 million, are under construction.

To make room for expanding old firms and new ones coming to New York, Manhattan's builders have put up office buildings with 7,300,000 sq. ft. of new space, enough to cover 152 football fields. In the rush (one building, 99 Park Avenue, took just 6½ days for the aluminum outside walls), architecture has taken a back seat. To conform to zoning restrictions, most of the buildings rise in a series of recessed blocks, like Babylonian ziggurats and great wedding cakes. A few, like the U.N.'s stone and glass sandwich and Lever House's glass slab, have broken the pattern. But in midtown Manhattan, the wedding cake leads the field.

In addition to skyscrapers, great housing projects have gone up in Manhattan with as many as 2,000 apartments apiece. New York City's Housing Authority has put up 130 buildings (15,679 apartments), has 29 more under construction. Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. has built three new housing projects of its own; other private operators have built everything from swank \$1,000-a-month penthouses to \$32-a-month apartments. Altogether, they give Manhattan almost enough new bedrooms, baths, and kitchens to house Nevada's population (160,000).

When will the boom end? Probably not for a long time; at the last count, only a fraction of 1% of the available office space was unoccupied. But people who remember Frank Lloyd Wright's prophecy that cities will die and grass grow in the streets are worried about the new office buildings choking the midtown area. Grass may never grow on the streets, but it may some day grow on the roofs of the cars caught in the daily 5 o'clock traffic jam.



Raul G. Reichen

CHANGING SKYLINE here includes twin skyscrapers (in foreground), erected in U shape around smaller buildings on Fifth Avenue. Beyond, in line with Grand Central and Chrysler towers, is new office building on former site of Ritz-Carlton Hotel.



SLAB TOWER of 28-story Madison Avenue skyscraper (right) rises above terraced series of familiar block-shaped setbacks.

ST. NICHOLAS HOUSES, soaring above old tenement blocks in West Harlem, will provide apartments for 1,526 families. At right: Riverside Church and Grant's Tomb along Hudson River.



Raul Gonzales

RIBBON WINDOWS band 15-story office building at Fifth Avenue and 56th Street, former site of the Duveen Art Galleries.



Raul Gierulles



ALUMINUM FACE of \$14 million block-long office center on Park Avenue was inspired by the Alcoa building in Pittsburgh.



STEEL FRAME of Park Avenue apartment house will be used for office building with glass façade like Lever House (rear).

George Struck



Paul Giamatti



MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPER (right), on site of old Murray Hill Hotel, contrasts with brownstone home of the Princeton Club.

George Strach



CAKE-MOLD SETBACKS on midtown Madison Avenue office buildings are dictated by rigid Manhattan zoning regulations.

George Strach



EAST HARLEM DEVELOPMENT, covering seven city blocks along Third Avenue el, will include 14 apartment buildings for

1,515 families; new school, playgrounds, community center, parking facilities and \$26 million general hospital (bottom).

SCIENCE

How Good Is the MIG?

Why did the U.S. Sabre jet win so many victories (13 to 1) over the MIG-15? Many U.S. fighter pilots insisted the MIGs were so good that only U.S. pilot superiority kept them from sweeping the Sabre jets out of the air. U.S. airplane builders insisted that the Sabre jet was the better airplane. Last week the MIG was appraised by famous U.S. pilots. Their verdict: it is nothing exceptional.

The MIG landed behind U.S. lines by North Korean Pilot Noh Keum Suk on Sept. 21 was flown in simulated combat against Sabre jets by Major General Albert Boyd, commander of Wright Air Development Center, by Major "Chuck"

man. By & large, their findings held little comfort for man. Among them

¶ The damage done to crops and farm land by insects, even in the bug-conscious U.S., is still immense. Said Decker: "Each year in the United States [insects] destroy crops, livestock and farm products equivalent to the entire agricultural output of the New England states, plus New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania."

¶ The very abundance of modern insecticides often defeats their purpose, and trigger-happy spray gun wielders can do more harm than good. By way of example, said the University of California's A. E. Michelbacher, the practice of dousing walnut trees with DDT to control the codling moth has resulted in plagues of



MIG-15
Too busy to fight.

Yeager, the first pilot to fly faster than sound, and by Captain Harold E. Collins, who set an official speed record in a Sabre jet. After putting the MIG through its paces, they decided that it 1) has "insufficient stall warning"; 2) has a cramped, uncomfortable cabin with poor heating and ventilation; 3) is hard to control in combat; 4) is "deficient in speed."

Probably most important was the three experts' judgment that the MIG lacks the instruments and controls that make a Sabre jet easy to fly. A MIG pilot, they decided, would be kept so busy flying his airplane that he would have little attention left over "for engaging the enemy."

Bugaboo

Behind man's efforts to exterminate the world's insect population lies the uneasy suspicion that the insect world may some day take over his own. As Illinois Entomologist George Decker put it last week: man "is a late arrival who has attempted to displace a well-adjusted and highly versatile original population, which bars no holds to recover its lost property." In Los Angeles, Decker and his fellow bug specialists were gathered at the first annual meeting of the Entomological Society of America, to exchange intelligence reports on the warfare between insect and

frosted scale and spider mites, organisms which might normally have graced a few codling moths' dinner tables.

¶ The ordinary housefly is giving a lot of trouble. In most places, said Entomologist Ralph B. March, "wild housefly" populations have built up such an immunity that most are not harmed by DDT and other standard insecticides.

Some good news for growers of citrus fruit, cotton and potatoes came from Dr. Robert Metcalf, a co-worker of March's at California's Riverside Experimental Station. He and fellow workers have developed two new double-barreled insecticides that control pests from inside plants. Called Systox and OMPA, they are a by-product of German wartime efforts to produce a nerve gas. If sprayed only on a tree trunk, Systox and OMPA work their way inside so neatly that they protect leaves that grow after the spraying is done. They seem to leave little harmful residue in fruit or vegetable crops.

Trophy for Thrust

Since 1911, the Collier Trophy has been given yearly, by a committee of U.S. aviation experts, to the man responsible for "the greatest achievement in aviation in America." Past committees have honored such sky milestones as the practical para-

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chute, the blind-landing system, the twin-engine commercial transport, the air offensive against Germany, the first supersonic flight.* Last week the trophy went to Leonard Sinclair Hobbs, United Aircraft Corp.'s vice president for engineering. His achievement: development and production of the J-57, the world's most powerful production jet engine.

Wyoming-born "Luke" Hobbs, 57, an engineering graduate of Texas A & M who first made his mark as a specialist in aircraft carburetors, is conceded to be one of the world's top aviation engineers. He started late in jets, because Pratt & Whitney, United's engine-manufacturing division, had to concentrate exclusively on the production of conventional piston engines during World War II. When United finally got going in 1946, Hobbs decided to leapfrog the competition by mapping



ENGINEER HOBBS

He leapfrogged the drawing boards.

out an engine far more powerful than anything on any other firm's drawing boards.

After six painstaking years, Hobbs and his 1700 engineers had an engine combining a low rate of fuel consumption with a thrust of 10,000 lbs., powerful enough to permit supersonic speeds in level flight. Last October a YF-100 Super Sabre, powered by a J-57, set an official world's speed record of 754.98 m.p.h.

The J-57, now well above 10,000 lbs. thrust, has been in mass production since February, while the British Bristol Olympus, its closest competitor (with a 9,750-lb. thrust), is still a collector's item. Thanks to Hobbs and his men, the U.S. can claim that the postwar supremacy of British jet-engine designers is over.

* Credited, respectively, to Lieut. Colonel E. L. Hoffman (1926); Major General Albert Heiserberger (1934); Aircraft Maker Donald W. Douglas (1935); General Carl Spaatz (1944); Pilot "Chuck" Yeager, Designer John Steel, and Manufacturer Lawrence D. Bell, jointly (1947).



Spark of genius

"The great objective...

is to open the avenue of scientific knowledge to youth"*

Franklin...Fulton...Lincoln...Bell...Willard—geniuses? Yes, in the sense that they had the creative spark and the ability, courage, and leadership to see and speed to us inventions and ideas beyond the horizon of their day.

FUTURE IN TODAY'S YOUTH—The scientists, statesmen, inventors, and humanitarians of tomorrow are among our youth of today. The future depends upon our discovering, fostering and using their creative genius.

OPPORTUNITIES ABOUND for all of us—to direct the genius and resources of our country to useful improvements, to the sciences, the arts, education..."

SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS—To help meet this need, Union Carbide has established undergraduate scholarship and fellowship programs in a number of

liberal arts colleges and technical institutions to assist deserving students who are interested in business and scientific careers.

THE PEOPLE OF UCC hope you, too, will do everything in your power to discover and encourage the creative talent of our American youth. In them is our greatest assurance of an ever better tomorrow.

TO LEARN MORE about the Union Carbide scholarships and fellowships, their purposes, and the colleges and universities in which they have been established, write for booklet A.

*from Tablets in the Hall of Fame, New York University.

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You are always close to Continental Can with its 78 plants in the United States, Canada and Cuba, 17 field research laboratories and 66 sales offices.

THE PACKAGING REVOLUTION

There was a time when the only packages were bulk containers like barrels, crates and chests. A storekeeper had to weigh, count, sort, scoop or otherwise laboriously measure out almost everything he sold.

Then came a revolutionary idea! Why not sell goods in individual containers—clean, convenient and accurately measured?

Before this could be done, packages had to be devised to preserve and protect a great variety of goods. So—packaging became a science. Cans, bags, wraps, paper containers, and other packages we now take for granted began to change American living and merchandising methods.

No more seasons! Tin cans, for example, have practically eliminated seasonal variations in our eating. Instead of there being a glut of fruits and vegetables during harvest—and scarcity at other times—most foods are now available all year round, at a low cost. Even the sudden effects of unusual weather have been overcome.

The housewife has been freed from the labor of shelling peas, cleaning spinach, husking corn and squeezing juice. She can now offer her family a tremendously varied diet of foods from all over the world.

The *quality* of products, too, has increased tremendously as food processors, oil refiners, and other package users have been enabled to

put their names and trade-marks on their wares.

Revolution in retailing The whole pattern of retailing has been changed. Yesterday's cracker-barrel store has been replaced by the modern market with its shelves of ready-to-go foods. Even delicatessens, dairy, meat and fresh-produce items are now being pre-packaged, in neat, see-through containers.

The packaging revolution is still going on. Continental people, working with metal, paper, transparent films, plastics, foils and other coated and laminated materials, constantly strive to make packages more useful, attractive and economical. The best container for any given purpose is only a challenge to make a better one.

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SCOTCH WHISKIES

Famed are the clans of Scotland . . .
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 is Dewar's White Label and
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 of Clan MacIntyre



Dewar's never varies!

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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the Birmingham (Ala.) News:

REPORT TO PARENTS:
MOTHERS WANT BIGGER
ROLE IN CHILD BIRTH

Strike's End

After eleven days, the strike of six Manhattan dailies ended last week, and the papers hustled to recoup their ad losses. As a result, the Sunday papers this week were the fattest ever printed any place. The 102-year-old New York Times printed the biggest paper in its history (430 pages, 4 lbs. 14 oz.), including a two-page edition "for the record" for every one of the days missed during the strike, along with four news sections (152 pages) crammed with Christmas ads. The tabloid News printed 532 pages for its six different editions for the New York and New Jersey areas, with a double portion of comics, and 23,000 lines more advertising than the same edition last year. All five Sunday papers were so heavy and hard to handle that hundreds of extra trucks and mailers were put on to deliver them, and some newsdealers, almost buried under the avalanche of paper, delivered copies to homes in two installments.

The strike cost newspapers an estimated \$10 million in ad revenue, while the striking employees gave up about \$2,000,000 in wages. Even the Photo-Engravers' Union, whose 400 New York newspaper members touched off the shutdown of the city's papers when they refused to arbitrate their differences with the publishers, profited little. They finally agreed to accept a \$3.75 weekly package increase, which was almost the same as the publishers' offer (1, the \$7.50 the union had demanded), and to let three fact-finders decide if they should get any more. Although the fact-finders' decision is not binding on either the union or the publishers, there was an unwritten understanding that both sides would accept.

Crusader at Work

Fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties . . . always remain devoted to the public welfare . . . never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty.

—From the "Platform."
the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Most newspapers have some such resounding principles either engraved on their buildings or printed in their pages. But at the St. Louis Post-Dispatch (circ. 391,890), the "Platform" is not only embedded in the walls and run every day on the editorial page; it is so deeply implanted in the minds of every staffer that it has made the P-D the leading crusading newspaper in the U.S. By standing on the Platform he drafted for his heirs, the P-D's late great founder, Joseph Pulitzer,



JOSEPH PULITZER
More than just the news.

brought on 17 libel suits in the first three years of the paper's life (but paid only \$50 in damages), and John A. Cockerill, his managing editor, shot dead a gun-toting critic who invaded the city room and called the staff a "gang of blackmailers" (the police ruled self-defense).

"Boiled down," says Joseph Pulitzer II, son and namesake of the founder and publisher-president of the P-D, "the Platform simply means printing an honest newspaper." This week the paper celebrated its 75th anniversary in typical P-D style by looking far beyond the boundaries



JOSEPH PULITZER II
More than the countinghouse.

of Missouri. Instead of citywide fanfare, dinners and speechmaking, it put out a fat anniversary supplement, *The Second American Revolution*, with 33 articles on the American scene by everybody from former President Harry Truman, Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr., and Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter to Poet W. H. Auden, Playwright Robert Sherwood and Cartoonist Al Capp. Included was a message from President Eisenhower, congratulating the P-D for its "most striking . . . resolve 'never to be satisfied with merely printing the news.'"

Five-Time Winner. Dissatisfaction with "merely printing the news" has brought the P-D and its staffers eleven Pulitzer Prizes. Even though the prizes were started in 1917 under the will of the P-D's founder, few newspapermen ever complain that favoritism is involved, since the paper's determined crusading makes it a more logical candidate for the prizes than other papers (Publisher Pulitzer stays out of the discussion when the P-D is a candidate). P-D men have won prizes for everything from forcing a corrupt federal judge to resign and the exposure of the Teapot Dome scandals by the late Paul Y. Anderson to a series on the Depression '30s by the late Charles G. Ross, who became President Truman's press secretary after leaving the P-D. The paper itself has won five "meritorious public service" Pulitzers: for exposing wholesale padding of vote registration lists in St. Louis elections (1937), its campaign to rid the city of smoke (1941), an investigation of the Centralia mine disaster (1948), rooting out newspapermen on the Illinois state payroll (1950), and exposing corruption in the Bureau of Internal Revenue (1952).

Coverage of the Centralia mine disaster, in which 111 miners were killed, was typical of how the P-D works. In 1947, after the last body was pulled from the mine, scores of newsmen from other papers went home. Not the P-D. It doubled its staff on the assignment, in due time established what it suspected; that the State Department of Mines was shaking down mine owners and overlooking dangerous working conditions. As a result, Illinois mine-safety laws were tightened.

On the other hand, on a fast-breaking story, the city staff can mobilize as fast as a Manhattan tabloid covering a shooting in a Park Avenue love nest. Recently the P-D got a head start on the Greenleaf kidnapping, when John Kinsella, its veteran police reporter, noticed an unusual stir of activity around headquarters. He rightly guessed that the kidnapers had been found, and thus put the P-D in position to turn loose a 13-man staff on the story before any other paper had it.

O.K. Mr. Bovard. If Founder Pulitzer created the paper's vigorous spirit, it was the paper's longtime (1908-38) Managing Editor O. K. (for Oliver Kirby) Bovard who translated the spirit into a day-to-day newspaper. A whip-cracking taskmaster, he was known in the trade as a "one-man school of journalism" or the "greatest managing editor of all time." On the day

Cherry Heering

Denmark's liqueur delight
since 1818

*All your guests
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-anytime!*

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**THE WHELAND
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If you want to see the New Year in
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here where the
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Write for illustrated folder No. 5

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SOUR YOUR TUMMY?**

Sweeten it fast with

TUMS



GUARANTEED TO
CONTAIN NO SODA

he became city editor. Bovard was congratulated by one of his friends on the staff who made the mistake of addressing Bovard by his nickname, "Jack." Answered the new city editor frostily: "From now on, Harry, it's Mr. Bovard." (From that day on, he was addressed only as "Mr. Bovard.") Austere and coldly impersonal, he stood behind his staff as solidly as he expected them to stand behind their work. When a St. Louisian called to complain about a reporter's story, Bovard cut him off with: "I have never had the pleasure of meeting you. I do know [my reporter]."

Bovard always thought of the *P-D* first, expected his reporters to do the same. Once, a staffer covering a woman's club meeting telephoned the office and told the managing editor that the platform had collapsed, but that Mrs. Bovard, who was at the meeting, was unharmed. "Never mind that," snapped Bovard. "Have you got the story for the *Post-Dispatch*?" On the day he resigned, Bovard told Reporter Sam Shelton, who is now assistant to the publisher: "There are only two things I regret upon my retirement . . . One of them is the unsolved Neu murder case, and the other is [the Union Electric Co. of Missouri] across the street." The *P-D* never did solve the Neu murder, but two months later its exposures touched off the prosecution that sent Union Electric's president and two vice-presidents to prison for bribing public officials.

A Heart Is a Home. Bovard's style of journalism was carried on with the same driving, unsentimental tenacity by burly, hard-boiled Managing Editor Ben Reese, who retired in 1951, and now by a milder-mannered crusader, Raymond L. Crowley, 53, a staffer for 31 years and, like both Reese and Bovard, a longtime city editor. Over the *P-D*'s 1,650-man staff is the paper's unchallenged boss, Joseph Pulitzer II, 68, who, like his late father, has long suffered from failing eyesight; he keeps a battery of secretaries reading the paper to him line-by-line every day (including ads). Whether in his office, at his estate in Bar Harbor, Me., or aboard his yacht *Victoria*, "J.P." deluges his staff with distinctive yellow-paper memos, has even edited his own obituary for the paper's files, to say: "[Joseph Pulitzer II's] heart was more at home in the editorial sanctum than in the countinghouse."

In the tradition set by Bovard, *P-D* staffers, whose salaries are as high as any newspaper in the U.S., keep aloof from outside organizations, rarely accept invitations to pressagents' parties, return gifts that are sent to them, pay their way wherever they go. The *P-D*, which in 1951 bought the ailing *Star-Times* (circ. 179,803) and now is the only evening paper in St. Louis, seldom loses a staffer to any other newspaper. When the flow of news is heavy the news department rules, decides how much space it will need, leaves the rest for ads. The *P-D* needs plenty of news space since it always fills its columns with national and international news, local stories, exposés and dispatches from its seven-man Washington bureau, head-

"Can it really be proved that life insurance helps bring success?"

A joint comment of particular interest to younger men by

**GILBERT C. SWANSON
and
W. CLARKE SWANSON**

*President and Executive Vice President,
C. A. Swanson and Sons
Omaha, Nebraska*

"It is often said that the ownership of life insurance is a step toward success. Statistical proof of this would be hard to obtain.

"But we would say this. We have known very few successful men who do not own life insurance. And while this may not be in the nature of 'proof,' it certainly seems to indicate a common agreement that life insurance is essential.

"What do they find in life insurance? A way to create immediately a stronger sense of security for themselves and for their dependents. And a peace of mind that permits concentration, full and straight, on the making of a career . . . that helps bring success easier and earlier.

"It seems to us, therefore, that one of the very first and most important things a young man should do is begin a program of life insurance."

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BY CHARACTER, ability, and training, Northwestern Mutual agents are well qualified. Many have earned the designation of Chartered Life Underwriter.

Why do they choose to represent this company? It is one of the world's largest, with over 95 years' experience, and accepts applications only through its own agents.

Because of its unique advantages, including low net cost, nearly half the new policies issued go to present policyholders.

For a sound review of your security plans, call a Northwestern Mutual agent.



NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYHOLDERS. Both W. Clarke Swanson (left) and his brother, Gilbert C. Swanson, have chosen The Northwestern Mutual to carry a major portion of their substantial programs of life insurance.

KARSH, OTTAWA

The NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL *Life Insurance Company*

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

...a wee bit
smoother

...a wee bit
mellower

...a wee bit
tastier!



Peter

DAWSON

Scotch

The "Spirit" of Scotland

Let this seal be your guide to quality
Imported by JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF



ed by able Raymond ("Pete") Brandt.

Locally, the *P-D's* editorials have power as well as a sharp bite, often are bolstered by the talents of Daniel R. ("Fitz") Fitzpatrick, probably the most widely reprinted editorial cartoonist in the U.S. (TIME, June 22). But nationally, the *P-D's* unpredictable behavior makes its editorials much less a power than its crusading news columns. Readers, who now think of the paper as the unwavering voice of New and Fair Dealism, forget that in 1936 the *P-D* supported Landon against Roosevelt. And when F.D.R. gave 50 destroyers to Britain in the early days of World War II, the *P-D* screamed that he had become "America's first dictator." ran its editorial in full-page ads across the country. Nevertheless, in 1940 and 1944 it supported F.D.R. again. After backing Dewey in 1948, it reversed its field last year and supported Stevenson, has been a persistent critic of the Republican Administration ever since. However, despite its editorial broken-field running, there is no turning back or sidestepping in the *P-D's* journalistic traditions, which are a solidly entrenched family matter. Its continuity is assured. Vice President and associate editor of the *P-D* is Joseph Pulitzer III, 40, Harvard ('36). And after him, there is four-year-old Joseph Pulitzer IV, already earmarked for his family's newspaper. Says "J.P." III: "The *P-D* tradition is much bigger than any individual."

The Colonel & the Dolls

The *Chicago Tribune*, whose daily circulation has slipped about 20% in the last seven years from 1,076,045 in 1946 to 885,840 this year, decided to try an old circulation stunt to boost its sales. The plan was to give away free dolls for every three new subscriptions to the paper. But the circulation men reckoned without the *Trib's* aging (73) Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, who huffily frowned on the idea as undignified for the "World's Greatest Newspaper." The circulation men gently persisted, suggested that the dolls were really quite handsome, and urged the Colonel to descend from his tower office and take a look at samples. Grudgingly, the Colonel agreed; however, he made a slight mistake.

Instead of getting off on the second floor, where the *Trib's* circulation department is, he got off at the ad department on another floor. At the desk in front of the elevator sat a receptionist who had never exchanged a word with the Colonel before, though she well recognized his commanding presence. "Where are the dolls?" asked the Colonel sternly. Knowing nothing of the dolls, but thinking of the sea of empty desks around her, the flustered receptionist blurted out: "They've all just gone to lunch." Rank impertinence, the Colonel later thundered to his aides: off with her head. But later he calmed down, agreed not to fire the receptionist and approved the circulation plan. Last week the results of the Colonel's approval were apparent in the *Trib's* Christmas season ads for its doll giveaway: "A REALLY GREAT GIFT IDEA."



**TRACTION
YOU CAN TRUST**

• Whenever you drive on ice or snow, you'll have better, safer traction with WEED AMERICAN V-Bar Reinforced Tire Chains—the finest ever made. Their V-Bars—with 288 or more steel gripping points—are slanted left and right for balanced traction... for surer, shorter, straighter stops.

ACCO WEED V-Bar Chains are made intentionally better by American Chain & Cable Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

**WEED V-BAR
TIRE CHAINS**



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Give **TIME** for Christmas

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THE THEATER

New Revue in Manhattan

John Murray Anderson's *Almanac* (music & lyrics by Richard Adler & Jerry Ross), by falling into the class of the big, bountiful revue, also falls into a kind of trap. What is good about the show is the sort of sketches, spoofs, monologues and comedians that make for a pert, sassy, intimate revue. The minute the *Almanac* begins to doll up in diamonds and pearls, it begins to get dull. The whole thing seems like trying to pull off a gay, bohemian party in a state dining room.

Pacing the comedy are two attractive newcomers to Broadway: England's well-



HERMIONE GINGOLD

For half the money, twice the fun.

known Hermione Gingold, a grand-mannered low comedienne, and New England's Billy De Wolfe. The two of them team up to perfection in a hilarious sketch about an elderly grand dame's imaginary dinner party, where the butler gets wildly drunk. The show also offers a bright young monologist, Orson Bean, and a very funny Drama Quartette treatment of Mickey Spillane.

Whenever the *Almanac* abandons humor for something lyrical or high-toned, it seems printed in painfully small type. Beyond some admirable show girls, there is very little show. There are assorted numbers concerning Pierrots and Ziegfeld bridal processions. There is nothing in the least spectacular about the dancing, and there is something downright dismal about most of the songs. By spending half the money, the show would probably have proved twice the fun.

How TRANSITE the white pipe water main keeps water clean and rust free



Made of asbestos and cement, Johns-Manville Transite Pipe resists corrosion... eliminates a prevalent cause of rust found in many water systems. In thousands of communities Transite® water mains are maintaining clean pure water from pumping station to consumer. These advantages and Transite's long life bring important savings to taxpayers.

Because Transite Pipe is nonmetallic, its interior surface will not build up tubercular deposits. Its flow capacity stays high, cuts pumping costs. Moreover, the joints in a Transite system stay tight, remain sanitary, will not support bacterial growth.

Transite Sewer Pipe cuts costs, too, because of its high flow capacity and quick assembly. It is rugged, corrosion-resistant. It is easily handled, rapidly installed, minimizing annoyances of torn-up streets. Tight, flexible couplings keep out unwanted ground



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*Transite is a Johns-Manville registered Trade Mark.



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TRANSITE PIPE

MUSIC

Lennie at La Scala

Conductor Leonard Bernstein was in a swivet. Traveling in Italy, he had agreed to conduct a regular performance of Milan's proud La Scala opera, a thing which no American had ever done before. He had five days in which to learn the score—Luigi Cherubini's *Medea*—but he had never conducted grand opera in his life and never even heard of Cherubini's *Medea*. To make things worse, he had a case of bronchitis. Finally, the score with which he had to work dated from 1797, and, like most old books, it gave off dust—to which Bernstein is allergic.

Nevertheless, the rehearsals went well. "The orchestra and I learned the opera together," he says. Opera authorities gave him every break, canceled a conflicting rehearsal of *Rigoletto* to give him more time. A few hours before his curtain last week, Lennie was gripped by sinusitis, but La Scala medics fussed over him, and the 35-year-old maestro apparently thrived on their treatment.

Once the curtain was up, he was the old assured Lennie: he bounced athletically, contorted his features in the dramatic passages, let his face relax to an expression of drugged bliss in the lyric ones. He sang to himself and punctuated the more stirring moments with hoarse growls.

The results were fine. Out of a rather stiff and unremarkable score, with few melodic arias and a mediocre book, Conductor Bernstein produced a lively and dramatic show. At the end, white-tied Milanese cheered up half a dozen curtain calls for leading Soprano Maria Callas and

Bernstein, leaned into the orchestra pit to compliment the musicians, and fled out into the plush lobby gesticulating to each other like conductors. The critics chimed in. Bernstein, wrote top Critic Giulio Confalonieri, is "absolutely predestined to music." Milan's eminent *Corriere della Sera* called him "indisputably brilliant." One of few sour notes came from an elderly admirer: "He's an American? Oh, too bad."

For Lennie Bernstein, the enthusiasm was gratifying, but it also aggravated his old problem: whether he is a conductor, composer, pianist, or some workable combination of one or more of these. Opera makes a new distraction. "I'm fascinated by it," he says. With a leave of absence from his chores at Tanglewood promised for this summer, he thinks he may go back to Europe and write a "real big opera." He is quite sure he could resist the distraction of podium and keyboard, if only because it is harder to make flying trips now that the Bernstein ménage includes wife, child and governess. The only trouble is, he says, "when you're conducting, you itch to compose, and when you're composing, you itch to conduct."

Out of the Rut?

Ever since the stern party-line decrees of five years ago (TIME, Feb. 23, 1948), Soviet composers have been avoiding "formalism" and trying to write music that even committees of commissars could understand. Now it looks as if the party line may be switching key again. In the journal *Soviet Music*, top-ranking Composer Aram (Savre Dance) Khachaturian calls the system of having committees review and pass judgment on new music a disaster and adds, "Let time and the public judge." Excerpts:

"Monumental" works [have been] composed for choirs and grand orchestras—and with nothing in them! One had to put up with it just because the title had something about 'Love for the Soviet Homeland' or 'The Struggle for Peace' or 'Friendship of the Nations.' But in the end, life itself gave a proper appreciation of these works—they were thoroughly forgotten in no time . . .

"There must be no more of this rotten practice of bureaucratic interference . . . Criticism, by all means. But let's have no more 'directives' from our bureaucrats with their constant worry about being on the safe side . . . let the artist find the solution to his creative problems himself, in the light of those vital tasks with which the party has confronted us all . . . I even think that certain works that have been turned down by the Composers' Union should be printed and performed . . . We must get out of the rut."

* Especially to be avoided: 1) "atonality, dissonance and discord"; 2) "confused, neurophysiological combinations that turn music into cacophony"; 3) anything sounding like the "bourgeois" contemporary music of Western Europe and the U.S.



SOPRANO FLAGSTAD
Tears in the twilight.

Songs of Goodbye

She was a slender girl of 18 when she first walked onto the stage of Oslo's National Theater to make her operatic debut in d'Albert's *Tiefand*. She had only a small voice, but critics agreed that its quality was pleasing and that she was "very musical." After that she made rapid strides, and the world beyond Oslo inevitably heard of Kirsten Flagstad. Last week, 40 years to the day after her debut and after one of the great operatic careers of the 20th century, Soprano Flagstad sang goodbye on the same stage.

She chose three songs by Norway's Composer Edvard Grieg, followed by Isolda's *Liebestod* from *Tristan* and the last scene from *Götterdämmerung*. At the end, the international audience rose and shouted for a full five minutes while Kirsten Flagstad curtsied and smiled with tears in her eyes.

Her decision to retire at 48 had been made after the war, when she came out of semi-retirement in Norway to return to opera and the world's concert stages. She wanted to quit while she was still in top voice, she said. Besides, she was just plain tired of public life. She wanted to retire to her big house in Kristiansand, on the southern coast of Norway, and sing only when she felt like it.

Her Oslo listeners hated to see her go, and many of them felt that her voice was as beautiful and sumptuous as ever. But Kirsten Flagstad had made up her mind. She finished with the last notes of one of her most famous roles, ending with Brünhilde's portentous words:

The twilight of the gods draws near . . . Siegfried! Siegfried! See! Sweetly your wife greets you.

"This is definitely my farewell," said Flagstad. "From now on I am a private person."



James F. Coyne

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Growls in the pit.



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TIME, DECEMBER 21, 1953

ART



COLLECTOR GILCREASE & PORTRAIT*
Also a commission for Paul Revere.

Big Deal

One of the biggest art deals in recent years is in the making. It involves the transfer of the enormous Gilcrease collection of Americana (TIME, June 27, 1949) from the Thomas Gilcrease Foundation at Tulsa to public ownership and a new museum in Claremore, Okla.

The hoard of paintings, manuscripts and other valuable art objects, valued variously at \$4,000,000 to \$8,000,000, represents 40 years of dedicated collecting by Thomas Gilcrease, 63, part Creek Indian, who struck it rich after oil was discovered on the 160-acre Gilcrease tribal allotment in 1906. Proud of his Indian blood, Tom Gilcrease set out to assemble a monument to the American past, and over the years collected examples of the best works of the painters of the U.S. frontier: George Catlin, Frederic Remington, Charles Russell and some 250 others. He also bought masterpieces by Homer, Whistler and Sargent, and a collection of pre-Columbian gold work. Among his 70,000 books and manuscripts are a copy of the Declaration

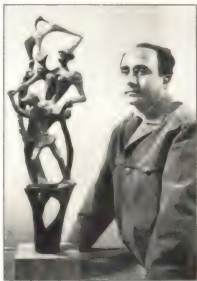
of Independence signed by Benjamin Franklin, the first letter ever written from the New World to the Old (by Christopher's son Diego Columbus), the original of a letter commissioning Paul Revere as a messenger for the Boston Committee of Safety.

All of this cost Gilcrease a mint of money, and despite a handsome income from his oil wells, he found his foundation in debt this year to the tune of \$2,200,000 for items acquired but not yet paid for. One day last month Gilcrease went to Claremore to visit the Will Rogers Memorial, dropped into a curio shop run by Claremore's Mayor Jim Hammett. Gilcrease told Hammett his tale of financial woe. Hammett saw a chance to get the Gilcrease collection for Claremore, helped get together a group of influential Oklahomans, headed by Governor Johnston Murray, in a nonprofit corporation to take over the collection as a public trust.

The corporation launched a \$3,000,000 bond issue, of which \$2,200,000 will be used for the foundation's debts, the rest to start a new museum in Claremore. Governor Murray went on the radio to ask the public to subscribe \$100,000 immediately to meet pressing needs, and by last week, \$50,000 had been pledged or was in hand. Gilcrease himself plans to move from Tulsa to Claremore, to serve as director of the new museum. Anxious only to keep his collection together, Gilcrease was delighted with the prospect. Said he: "I set up [the collection] for the benefit of the people. It has value only when held intact for . . . the people."

Two for Pinocchio

The most famous son of Collodi, an outlying district of the Tuscan town of Pescia, was a mischievous, wooden-headed youngster named Pinocchio. Ever since Author Carlo Lorenzini, writing under the pen name of Carlo Collodi, created Pinocchio 73 years ago, the impish antics of the bad puppet who became a good boy have delighted children the world over. Two years ago, Pinocchio added another measure to his fame. Professor Rolando Anzilotti of the University of Florence defeated his Communist opponent in the race for mayor of Pescia by promising that, if elected, he would see to it that a



SCULPTOR GRECO & STATUE
Also a magic quadrangle.

suitable statue to Pinocchio was erected in Collodi.

After he was installed as mayor, Anzilotti set about fulfilling his promise. He raised \$17,000 by popular subscription, put aside \$2,400 as prize money, and invited artists from all over Italy to submit designs for the Pinocchio memorial. Tempted by so grand a prize (1,500,000 lire), 84 sculptors and architects sent in projects: merry Pinoccios, realistic Pinoccios, sad Pinoccios, surrealist Pinoccios. Last week the prize jury announced its decision: it would split the award money between Painter Venturino Venturi and Sculptor Emilio Greco, build not one but two Pinocchio memorials.

Prizewinner Venturi, 35, a specialist in murals, submitted a plan for a "magic quadrangle"—a court enclosed by a wall of varying heights on which would be colored mosaics representing scenes and characters from the Pinocchio story. Sicilian-born Sculptor Greco's entry was a tall semi-abstract showing the Good Fairy pulling Pinocchio from a tree trunk with a great bird hovering above them. When cast in bronze, Greco's figure will stand a little away from Venturi's magic quadrangle on the grounds of Collodi's state-liest 18th century villa.

* Comanche Chief Quana Parker, painted in 1880 by Artist Henry Cross (TIME, Jan. 19), famed 19th century painter of the wild West.

PUBLIC FAVORITES (33)

THE most popular painting in the sizable collection of the Des Moines Art Center is the late George Wesley Bellows' *Aunt Fanny* (opposite), and her box-office appeal is well deserved. In the wrinkled skin and watchful eyes of the brisk old lady Bellows has reflected the feeling of affection tinged with awe that almost everyone has about a favorite aunt.

The artist's own aunt was Elinor ("Fanny" was a nickname) Smith, his mother's sister, who lived with the Bellowses when George was a child. Aunt Fanny, who had no children of her own, helped keep the house spick & span, saw to it that young George was always dressed in starched tidiness. She even taught him to whistle while he was still in his baby carriage. In middle

age, Aunt Fanny married and moved to California, but in 1920, when she was over 70, she came on a visit to her nephew's home in Woodstock, N.Y. There she returned to her old ways of scrubbing and washing everything spotlessly clean, and it was at this time that Bellows, by then a successful artist, painted his reverent portrait of her.

The paint was hardly dry when a wealthy Des Moines contractor and art collector named James S. Carpenter bought the picture and hauled it off to his Iowa home (the Des Moines Art Center paid his widow \$12,000 for it in 1941). When Bellows heard about the purchase, he exclaimed: "Where is the man who bought it? I want to kiss him on both cheeks."



GEORGE BELLOWS' "AUNT FANNY"



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SPORT

All-Round Otto

As a boy, Otto Graham made a name for himself in the junior music circles of Waukegan, Ill., where his father was (and is) a high-school music director. In addition to piano and violin, which he still plays, Otto learned the oboe, English horn, French horn and cornet. Otto also had other talents which his father, an old semipro pitcher, approved and encouraged. He won high-school letters in football, basketball and baseball, found time to play tennis and golf and win awards in Junior Olympic track and field events around Chicago.

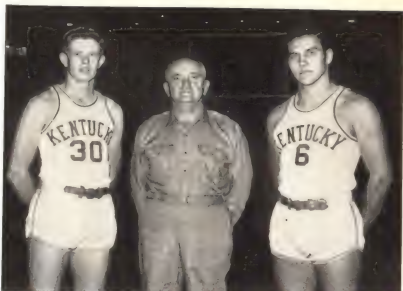
At 32, Otto Graham is as busy as ever, and even more successful. He is 1) the star quarterback of the Cleveland Browns, 2) the star of his own thrice-weekly TV show, *At Home with the Grahams*, 3) a salesman and assistant branch manager for the Manufacturers Life Insurance Co., 4) a salesman-distributor-stockholder in a gift-package company, 5) a successful author (*Otto Graham, T Quarterback*), and 6) one of the busiest and most civic-minded speechmakers in the Cleveland area.

Pass Champion. Though he manages to sell half a million dollars worth of insurance a year, and though his chatty TV show has a high local audience appeal, Graham's football feats, as he well knows, are his main asset. Last week, after clinching their fourth straight division title in the National Football League with their tenth straight victory, the Browns gave Graham a well-deserved day off. But just to keep the crowd happy, Coach Paul Brown put husky (6 ft. 1 in., 195 lbs.) Quarterback Graham in the game for a few plays.

The results were spectacular—four



CLEVELAND'S GRAHAM
At home, the violin.



GUARD RAMSEY, COACH RUPP, CENTER HAGAN
This year, vengeful figuring.

E. Martin Jones

straight pass completions good for 116 yds. Though no one was threatening Graham's position as the league's top passer, the exhibition served as a reminder that Graham leads the N.F.L. in passing yardage (2,481), in average gain per pass completion (16.3 yds.), and in percentage of completions (65).

Stitches Don't Hurt. Graham, says Coach Brown (who converted Otto from a Northwestern single-wing halfback), "is the first to admit how much he must depend on the work of other players." The other players, in turn, depend on Graham. During a tight game with the San Francisco Forty-Niners earlier in the season, Graham suffered a severe face gash (only his second injury in eight years of pro ball). The wound required 15 stitches, but Graham went back into the game, completed nine of ten passes, and the Browns finally won, 23-21. Next night, Graham was back on his TV show, bandaged face and all. Characteristically, he begged newsmen: "Don't represent me as a corny exhibitionist with a show-must-go-on attitude. Just explain that my mouth hardly hurts at all."

Last January, while Graham and his wife were in Los Angeles for the pro bowl game, their youngest child was taken ill and died before the Grahams could get home. "It set me thinking," Otto says. "It was the first adversity that ever hit me. Until then, the worst that had ever happened to me was to have a pass intercepted. It gave me a more serious outlook. Now, I just want to keep busy."

Kentucky Comeback

Adolph ("The Baron") Rupp, University of Kentucky's basketball coach, is not a modest man. When asked to explain Kentucky's court success, Rupp has a ready reply: "That's easy. It's good coaching." Though Rupp's answer may affront rival coaches, the record backs up his con-

tention. In Rupp's 23 coaching years Kentucky teams have won more than 85% of their games, 14 Southeastern Conference titles, three N.C.A.A. championships, one National Invitation Tournament, one Olympic title. Unhappily, some of the Olympians were caught taking bribes (TIME, May 12, 1952), and the N.C.A.A. suspended Kentucky all last season. Last week Kentucky came back with a bang.

In a preseason speech, Rupp had wisecracked that his idle champions were the nation's only "undefeated" team last season. "Since we have this wonderful record to live up to, I'm just going to turn my boys loose and let them live up to it." Against Temple University's first-class opposition, Rupp's team ran wild to an 86-50 victory. Chief star of evening: All-American (1952) Co-Captain Cliff ("The Cat") Hagan, whose 51 points broke a Southeastern Conference scoring record.*

Perfectionist Rupp thought his boys did "right well in their debut," then had a sudden coachly afterthought: "We didn't play nearly as well as we are capable."

How good is Rupp's team? In preseason polls, U.S. basketball coaches ranked Kentucky No. 2, after Indiana, last season's N.C.A.A. champion. Main reasons for the high ranking: 1) Coach Rupp himself, 2) Spring-legged Cliff Hagan of Owensboro, Ky., one of the shortest major college (6 ft. 4 in.) centers and one of the game's most prolific scorers (21.6 points average), and 3) Co-Captain Frank Ramsey of Madisonville, Ky., a 6 ft. 3 in. guard and floor leader who specializes in intercepting passes and scoring on driving layup shots.

Next to Hagan and Ramsey in team scoring is Forward Lou Tsioropoulos of

* Two nights later, Louisiana State University's Bob Pettit, who had the old record (40 points), scored 60 against little Louisiana College (enrollment: 910), but the N.C.A.A. regards Hagan's 51 as the record in "major competition."

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Lynn, Mass., the third senior on the squad, who made a big impression in Kentucky's intra-squad games during last year's ex-communication period. (More than 35,000 loyal Kentuckians poured in to watch the four exhibitions.) The three seniors, now in their fifth year on campus, are the backbone of Rupp's new team.

Kansas-born Adolph Rupp has become a thoroughly transplanted Kentuckian, now owns four 200-acre farms where he raises Herefords and tobacco. Recently, after onetime Governor (and ex-Baseball Commissioner) Happy Chandler announced he would run for governor again in 1955, Rupp was mentioned as a possible running mate, for the office of lieutenant governor. Rupp will neither confirm nor deny. "There have been efforts to bring me into the political picture," he acknowledges. But of one thing Rupp is certain. "I'll not retire until I win another N.C.A.A. championship." Vengeful Kentuckians, still smarting (along with Rupp) from the N.C.A.A. ban, figure that this is the year.

Scoreboard

¶ Sport attendance figures for 1953, released last week, showed a drop of 1.7% for major-league baseball, with all eight clubs in the American League down from last year and only three of the eight in the National League (Dodgers, Phillies and the transplanted Braves) doing better. Football, for the first time since the advent of television on a national scale, showed an increase: 2.05%. Biggest gain of the year: harness racing, which, despite fall scandals, was up 20.2%.

¶ In Melbourne, Australian Miler John Landy, aiming for a world record four-minute mile, came within a breathtaking two seconds of it in 4:02, just six-tenths off Gunder Hägg's record of 1945. Plainly discouraged, Landy said, "I've done as well as I can. I'm running for fun from now on. If I do the four-minute mile, it will be a fluke."

¶ In the biggest baseball trade since Ralph Kiner went to Chicago, the Boston Red Sox gave up Pitcher Maurice McDermott, an 18-game winner, and Outfielder Tom Umphlett, a .383 hitter, to the Washington Senators for hard-hitting (34 R.B.I.'s) Outfielder Jackie Jensen.

¶ The U.S. Lawn Tennis Association released its tentative national rankings, naming U.S. Champion Tony Trabert No. 1, ahead of Wimbledon Champion Vic Seixas. Top-ranked woman, for the third straight year: U.S., Wimbledon and Australian Champion Maureen Connolly.

¶ In New York City, Welterweight Champion Kid Gavilan, who has his eye also on the middleweight title, won the Edward J. Neil plaque as Fighter of the Year.

¶ In Rocas de Santo Domingo, Chile, soldiers from nine nations showed up for the World Modern Pentathlon (riding, shooting, fencing, swimming, running) championships. Hungary's Gabor Benek won individual honors; Sweden won the team title, followed by Argentina, Chile, Brazil, the U.S.

EDUCATION

It Paid Off

All his life, suave, curly-haired Eugene J. Carroll, 26, of Levittown, L.I., has been "looking for excitement." He started out to be a doctor, but quit after two years' pre-med at Brooklyn's St. John's University because it was "too drab." Finally, five years ago, Carroll found a career that suited him just fine. It took him to some of the top universities of the East.

Not even his wife knew what he did. As

students and professors are apt to be at football games, Carroll also stole wallets, watches, jewelry. He took credit and identification cards, used them to forge checks. The summer months were tough going ("The slack season," says Carroll), but he found that in the ordinary academic year he could show quite a profit. He spent an average of \$500 to \$800 a week, still had enough money left over to buy a new Chrysler, and to move his wife and five children into a new \$10,000 home (paid for in cash).

Last week Carroll made a mistake: when his wife told him that she was expecting a sixth child, he stomped out of the house, saying, "I ought to do you in!" Mrs. Carroll called the police. When her husband returned, the game was up.

Searching for weapons, the police found a garbage can with four wallets in it. Carroll was wearing two wristwatches, one inscribed "Columbia," the other, "University of Pennsylvania." The Chrysler was loaded with souvenirs from old Eli: two typewriters, a camera, \$70 in cash.

Last week, as he told his story, Carroll said that he had hit just about every top Eastern campus but one: his own alma mater. There were Villanova and Cornell as well as Harvard, Yale, Brown and Pennsylvania. At some time or other, Carroll even ventured as far west as Chicago. "How about Princeton?" asked one of the detectives. "Ah, Princeton," sighed Eugene Carroll. "One of my favorites."

Mr. Appleseed

The museum officials of Kansas City were frankly baffled by the young man with the booming laugh. But they had to admit that he did seem to have a plan. The city had just become heir to a 74-room mansion, and 26-year-old John Ripley Forbes had driven all the way from Boston just to present a scheme for putting it to use. Working without pay ("until you can afford me"), Forbes raised \$18,000, stocked the mansion with 160,000 specimens of everything from butterflies to a stuffed buffalo. By the end of four months, Kansas City had a flourishing natural history museum—and 1,000 visitors a week.

In the 14 years since then, John Ripley Forbes has repeated that performance so many times that he has become the Johnny Appleseed of the museum world. He has badgered millionaires, begged and borrowed exhibits, set up children's museums from Portland, Ore. to Jacksonville, Fla. Last week, as visitors streamed into his new museum in San Jose, Calif., Forbes could chalk up No. 18.

Lectures on Leave. The son of an Episcopal minister, Forbes started his first museum in his own attic in Stamford, Conn., often trotted over to ask the advice of his famed neighbor, Naturalist William T. Hornaday. He studied zoology and ornithology at the State University of Iowa and Bowdoin College, later became curator of a special natural history



EUGENE CARROLL
"Ah, Princeton..."

a matter of fact, it sometimes seemed as if Eugene Carroll hardly knew himself. For no apparent reason at all, he would suddenly decide to visit Brown University. Later, he would be off to the University of Maine, or would head for Harvard. But once on campus, Carroll knew exactly what to do. He had learned all about the habits of students—and the knowledge says he, "certainly paid off."

Sometimes he would pose as a student or an alumnus. Sometimes he would be a writer on "college affairs," or a typewriter salesman. However he introduced himself, deans and janitors believed him, let him wander about the dormitories at will. But in five years, Carroll never wrote a single word or sold a single typewriter. "Instead," says he, "I stole them."

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PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

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collection in Stamford. While serving as an Army Air Corps sergeant in Alabama, he carried on his work. On days off, he managed to raise enough money for a museum in Geneva, Ala., spent his leaves lecturing and showing movies in schools.

Over the years, Forbes's National Foundation for Junior Museums, Inc. (formerly the William T. Hornaday Memorial Foundation) has left its mark on scores of communities. In 1943, Forbes blew into Nashville, helped raise \$15,000 to open a junior museum in an old stone house, started it off with exhibits from Manhattan's American Museum of Natural History and the Smithsonian Institution. Then he moved on to Jacksonville, Fla. and Charlotte, N.C.

Rats on Loan. In Fort Worth his museum was so successful that the city decided to put up a \$500,000 model building. In Atlanta he organized a program by



Robert Handsaker

JOHN RIPLEY FORBES
"Ever see an uninterested kid?"

which hundreds of Scouts have learned about camping, handicrafts and the dangers of litterbugging and vandalism. In Sacramento, Calif., he not only started a museum but a pet library as well. Today, the museum keeps 237 hamsters, rats, snakes, guinea pigs, squirrels, rabbits and turtles which children can borrow for a week at a time.

In his Sacramento bungalow, Forbes starts each day by feeding the birds from his kitchen window. Then he heads for the foundation office, or plans another whirl about the country to spread the foundation's gospel of opening wide the doors of nature to children ("Did you ever see an uninterested kid in a junior museum?"). At 40, Forbes is far from through. His present targets: museums in San Mateo, San Rafael, Fresno and Stockton, Calif., and a \$500,000 permanent endowment for the foundation. "If I were three people," he says, "I couldn't get done what I want done."

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chemicals and other bulk ingredients essential to the steel-making process.

America's great inland waterways serve again as a highway for the transportation of finished steel. National Steel's products are delivered to customers along the 2,200-mile span from Weirton down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to the Gulf of Mexico and on to Houston, Texas, 14 barge-days away. More than 3,500,000 tons of materials

passed over the Weirton river docks in the past year, and the capacity of these handling facilities has been markedly increased by recent additions to keep pace with National Steel's expanding steel production.

Use of economical water transportation is another reason why National Steel has become recognized as an efficient producer of high-quality steel products . . . a leader in steel-making progress.

NATIONAL STEEL
GRANT BUILDING



CORPORATION
PITTSBURGH, PA.

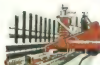
AN INDEPENDENT COMPANY OWNED BY MORE THAN 19,000 STOCKHOLDERS



**SEVEN GREAT DIVISIONS
WELDED INTO ONE COMPLETE
STEEL-MAKING STRUCTURE**



GREAT LAKES STEEL CORP.
Detroit, Mich. America's supplier of standard and special-section steel products for a wide range of applications in industry.



WEIRTON STEEL COMPANY
Weirton, W. Va. World's largest independent manufacturer of tin plate. Producer of many other important steel products.



STRAN-STEEL DIVISION
Ecorse, Mich. and Terre Haute, Ind. Exclusive manufacturer of famous Quonset buildings and Stran-Steel portable training.



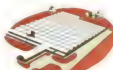
HANNA IRON ORE COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio. Producer of iron ore from extensive holdings in the Great Lakes area.



THE HANNA FURNACE CORP.
Buffalo, New York. Blast furnace service for production of various types of pig iron.



NATIONAL MINES CORP.
Supplies high grade metallurgical coal for the furnaces of National Steel mills.



NATIONAL STEEL PRODUCTS CO.
Houston, Texas. Warehouse for all American products for steel products in the Southwest.





Bank of America, with 538 branches in 330 California communities, is the world's largest privately owned bank. Its shares are held by 220,000 stockholders residing in every one of the 48 states. Resources (as of June 30, 1953): \$8,017,573,360.54.

Boosting your sales curve in California!

Do you have a stake in the California retail market? If so, then you also have a direct interest in Bank of America's Christmas Club savings plan. This year, at the peak of the holiday season, this plan will release more than 36 million dollars to thousands of special, thrifty depositors. Most of this money is spent in Christmas buying—for furniture, automobiles, home appliances, clothing, toys. This is banking that is *boosting your sales curve in California*. It is banking that is **Building California...Serving You!**

Bank of America
NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

Bank of America is a member of the Federal Reserve System and Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



Bank of America has main offices in the two Reserve cities of California, San Francisco and Los Angeles. Overseas branches: London, Manila, Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Bangkok, Guam. Representatives: New York, Mexico City, Milan, Paris and Zurich. Correspondents throughout the world. Bank of America (International), New York, a wholly owned subsidiary; overseas branch, Duesseldorf.

UNIVERSITY 1953, BANK OF AMERICA

MEDICINE

Up from a Count of Nine

When the members of the American Academy of Dermatology and Syphilology met in Chicago last week, many thought that the time had come to drop the "and Syphilology" from the group's cumbersome title. After all, penicillin has been knocking out syphilis right & left, and modern treatment (one to five shots) can easily be given by general practitioners. It looked as though syphilis no longer required the services of specialists, or even much attention. Some hospitals reported difficulty getting enough cases for long-term research.

Before the week was well along, the specialists changed their minds. Syphilis, they heard, had gone down for a count of nine but is now up and swinging again. Reported Dr. John C. Cutler of the U.S. Public Health Service: in the last fiscal year, 15 states* and the District of Columbia have reported increases in the number of cases of syphilis.

One reason for the resurgence of syphilis is that wide publicity for quickie cures has made potential victims careless. Also, said New York University's Dr. Charles R. Rein, federal and state funds for detecting and treating the disease have been cut back too fast. Some state laboratories are no longer making the wholesale, routine blood tests that they used to make. The result is that many early cases are being missed, and will be neglected until they do perhaps lasting damage.

Dr. Cutler summed it up: "We are still faced with a tremendous problem . . . of approximately 2,100,000 cases of untreated or inadequately treated syphilis."

Historic Separation

Two little girls named Nancy and Ellen, who live in a Cleveland suburb, had their first birthday last week and thereby set a medical milestone: they are the first Siamese twins known to have survived so long after an operation to separate them. This is mainly because, unlike such famous Siamese twins as Chang and Eng and the Brodie brothers, they were joined by nothing more than skin and gristle.

Obstetrician Hyatt Reitman of Cleveland's Mount Sinai Hospital had no reason to anticipate that their mother, aged 27, was going to bear joined twins. X rays had shown that they could move freely in the womb, sometimes lying head to head, sometimes head to toes. But when the first baby was half delivered, Dr. Reitman ran into trouble because the baby was pulling the second twin with her. Soon he saw why: they were joined at the base of the breastbone by a band of tissue half an inch wide, an inch and a half long. Forceps brought the second baby into the world.



NANCY & ELLEN
They learned to live apart.

Prompt tests by Pediatrician Earl E. Smith showed that the joining band was composed mainly of cartilage. The twins did not share any vital organs or systems. So Surgeon Jac S. Geller swiftly cut them apart under local anesthesia (TIME, Dec. 29). All that either of the blue-eyed girls has to show for the historic operation is a small scar.

"Where Can I Stay?"

The elderly Negro woman who was referred to Houston's M.D. Anderson Hospital for Cancer Research posed a tougher problem for the social workers than for the doctors. She had cancer of the cervix. She was hundreds of miles from home,

and needed a place near by to live for three months while she took regular X-ray treatments as an outpatient. Mrs. Edna Wagner, tireless and efficient director of social service at Anderson Hospital, shook her head: there was no suitable housing for such a patient in segregated Houston. But the woman had a son living in the city. Against her own better judgment, Mrs. Wagner told the patient to stay with her son's family of four in a one-room apartment.

Within six weeks, the patient was back and told Mrs. Wagner: "I'm going home. I'm causing trouble, crowding my son and daughter-in-law, and I'd rather die than cause trouble." A few months later



HOUSTON'S EDNA WAGNER AT FUND-RAISING BENEFIT
They learned to help themselves.

* Arizona, Connecticut, Louisiana, Michigan, Nevada, New Jersey, New York, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia.

The criterion of good taste the world over...

Yardley for men



BY APPOINTMENT PURVEYORS OF SOAP TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI YARDLEY LONDON

Makers and Distributors for U. S. A., Yardley of London, Inc., New York

the neglected cancer had spread uncontrollably, and she died. Says Mrs. Edna Wagner: "I told myself that this couldn't happen any more."

Profit from Song. It does not happen any more now, because Mrs. Wagner organized an all-out effort by the Negro community to set up a 25-bed convalescent home where Anderson Hospital's Negro outpatients can stay at little or no cost. Last weekend a thousand rich Negro voices welled up in the Sam Houston Coliseum in the half-resigned, half-hopeful words of favorite spirituals and hymns. Children pantomimed angels and devils, flowers and animals, while a narrator boomed James Weldon Johnson's words in *The Creation* and *Listen, Lord*. With an audience of 4,000 and a big advance ticket sale, there was a tidy profit of almost \$12,000 to underwrite the convalescent home for the next two years. There are separate and similar accommodations for English-speaking whites and still others for those of Mexican extraction. Last year more than one-fourth of Anderson's 4,098 cancer patients were housed in the facilities organized by Edna Wagner.

Though housing is often the most critical, it is by no means the only problem that patients lay before Mrs. Wagner, a stocky, pink-faced woman of 42, and members of her staff. Since 90% of the tax-supported cancer hospital's patients are charity cases, drawn from all over Texas, most are grievously ill when they arrive and are far from home or relatives. They face long and perhaps uncomfortable treatment. They do not know what to expect.

Courage on the Plains. "We have to make the patient feel that the staff is interested in him as a person," says Edna Wagner. "We explain that he may have several days of tests before the doctors decide on the treatment for his case. We may remind a wind-tanned cowpoke from Lubbock, who's telling of the rugged old days on the plains, that he may need some of that same courage here. We have to reassure some, like the old Negro who said: 'I ain't afraid of dying—I'm just afraid of suffering.'"

Patients who speak Spanish but no English and cannot get used to American food posed a special problem. Now, each of them is allowed to have one bilingual member of his family stay in the home and accompany him to the hospital as interpreter, and cook Mexican-style dishes to the patient's taste.

A patient may face other crises: when the doctors decide on drastic surgery, when prolonged treatment breeds despair, or when the time comes to go home after a disfiguring amputation. On all such occasions, Mrs. Wagner's staff is busy with explanations and encouragement.

When Mrs. Wagner was organizing the concert to support the Negro Convalescent Home a community leader asked her: "Isn't this perpetuating segregation?" Louisiana-born Edna Wagner retorted: "I'm not trying to settle the race problem of the South—I'm not smart enough for that. I'm trying to help sick people."

84 years after "completion" we're still building!

The Gold Spike officially "completed" the first transcontinental railroad in 1869. But except for the right of way (and even some of that has changed) there's precious little left of the old Central Pacific, our parent Company.

Enough new track to span America

Last year, for instance, we laid 1,732,859 new railroad ties and put down almost 64,000 tons of new rail—not to add new mileage, but just to maintain the mileage we had. *In the seven years since the war, we've put down enough new track to span the continent from New York to San Francisco.* Last year the maintenance of our 13,300 miles of lines cost us over \$92,000,000.

A new diesel unit every two days

But maintenance is only part of the job. Since the war, \$646,000,000 has been invested in new equipment and other improvements for Southern Pacific. One result: a dieselization program that has given S. P. an average of about one new diesel unit every two days since World War II ended.

These vast maintenance and improvement programs are part of S. P.'s continuing efforts to provide the Golden Empire (see map) with the finest freight and passenger service in America.

Figures shown are for Southern Pacific and its affiliates in the Golden Empire.



SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, D. J. RUSSELL, President, HEADQUARTERS: SAN FRANCISCO • HOUSTON

TIME, DECEMBER 21, 1953

BUSINESS

WALL STREET

Extra, Extra

A flock of year-end dividends and a spate of extras were declared last week. Amerasia Petroleum Corp. declared an extra \$1. New York Central upped its dividend 50¢, and Polaroid Corp. gave stockholders one new share for every two shares held. Despite the good news, the dreary market slipped, under heavy selling of the tobacco stocks. In one day, the three biggest tobacco stocks fell more than three points each as investors took note of 1) published reports linking cigarette-smoking with lung cancer and 2) a slip in tobacco sales over the past few months. By week's end tobacco stocks perked up, but this week slipped again, along with the Dow-Jones industrial averages.

There was even less cheer in the brokerage houses themselves. Their employees, who pocketed as much as a month's pay in bonuses last year, were headed for a thin Christmas. Many brokers this year will hand out nothing at all.

While trading volume is running somewhat ahead of the 313-million-share turnover last year, brokers' expenses have been rising even faster than commissions. As a result, on days when trading volume drops below 1,200,000 shares, many smaller brokers are hard pressed to make ends meet. So far this year, trading has fallen below this "pay point" on 85 days, and below 1,000,000 shares on 35 of them. The big 3,000,000-share days, enough of which strung together would print "Merry Christmas" on brokerage tickers, have occurred only twice.

MANAGEMENT

Scholarship Pool

Many a company that would like to set up a scholarship fund either doesn't know how or doesn't think that its gift would be large enough to warrant the search needed to find deserving students. Last week Manhattan's Council for Financial Aid to Education* announced a made-to-order solution: a plan for corporations to contribute to a national scholarship commission, which would operate the biggest college-scholarship program ever set up. Said the council's president, Businessman-Educator Wilson Compton: "Since the council announced the opening of its New York offices last month, it has been swamped with inquiries about the need for helping educational programs." Fully two-thirds of the inquiries have come from corporations, which can make scholarship contributions under EIT this year for as little as 18¢ on the dollar.

The plan calls for the program to start when enough money has come in for a minimum of 200 scholarships, although the number awarded may eventually run into

the tens of thousands. The plan also calls for eventual screening of every high-school student in the U.S. through a series of tests, furnished by the commission and conducted by the schools, and personal



United Press
EDUCATOR COMPTON
A made-to-order solution.

interviews conducted by state committees. It has also been proposed that names of high-ranking students be turned over to colleges and companies that have their own scholarship programs. All administrative and other expenses of the commission will come from foundations, not from corporate gifts.

The council hopes that the plan will go into effect before April 1, and that the first scholarships will be awarded next fall.

SELLING

Right Hand, Left Hand

As an appliance dealer in Wilmington, Del., Phil Klein, 43, sells plenty of General Electric products. Looking at his fine record of orders last month, G.E.'s supply company decided to honor Star Salesman Klein; it gave him a free five-day trip to Havana. Five days later, another G.E. division took a look at Dealer Klein. The Small Appliances Division discovered that Klein was pushing sales by whacking 20% off "fair trade" minimum prices; it promptly got a court injunction to stop him from such selling. Confused by the pat from G.E.'s right hand and the slap from its left, Klein announced that from now on he would sell at "fair trade" prices, but he would donate 20% of each sale to any charity designated by the purchaser. By last week, donations had gone to twelve community charities and ten churches. "Anyway," said Klein, "I'm going to sunny Havana for five days."

Santa under Glass

ON Boston's Summer Street last week, an elderly woman gazed at a store window and said: "It's the loveliest thing I ever saw." Behind the glass, Jordan Marsh Co. had set up an orchestra of 14 tiny angels dressed in gold and white against a pastel-blue background; the blond leader tapped a baton, and his musicians lifted their instruments to the strains (recorded) of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*. The woman's comment was heard often around the U.S. last week. For Christmas 1953, retail stores had spent \$30 million to turn their windows into a shopper's art gallery.

No one wanted to be outdone. Shoppers in Chicago, San Francisco, Manhattan and Atlanta saw some of the best—illustrated in color on the opposite page. In Dallas, a \$35,000 display of art masterpieces—including 15th century French stone angels, a 16th century Dutch painting of the Madonna and Christ Child—was borrowed from a Manhattan dealer and displayed by A. Harris & Co. After the fine art, shoppers could move on to Neiman-Marcus and see a \$25,000 display of cherubs joyfully clanging cymbals and playing games under a pastel sky.

Rudolph & Old Serooge, Seattle's Bon Marche pictured Christmas as it used to be in the Old World, with huge copies of German, Austrian and Italian toys. In Washington, Woodward & Lothrop brought to life *The Night Before Christmas*, with sleeping children, animated sugar plums, Santa and his prancing steeds. In Denver, Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer wept giant tears at Daniels and Fisher Stores Co., and the May Department Stores Co. built Santa's toy factory for the city's youngsters. At Detroit's J. L. Hudson Co., a delightful doll named Christmas Carol clutched a candy-striped Teddy bear on her visit to the North Pole. In other cities, there were kitchen angels busily preparing yuletide feasts, velvet and lace dolls in 1890 snowsuits, rosy-cheeked children scribbling letters to Santa, handsome windows showing Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, with lifelike figures of Tiny Tim, Bob Cratchit and Old Serooge.

U.S. Christmas displays have grown mightily since grandmother's day. One of the first big displays was in 1874, when Manhattan's Macy's put a collection of dolls in its window instead of the usual holly-decorated merchandise. The window was a great success, and this year Macy's spent an estimated \$75,000 to show what a white Christmas looked like in 1850. Other U.S. stores, which used to be content with doggedly symmetrical flower vases and stilted mannequins, have picked up the idea, until today Christmas takes up an average 60% of retail store display budgets. Most stores do their own work, are busy months ahead of time. Those who want a custom job turn to the cluster

* Among the backers: the Ford, Carnegie and Sloan Foundations.

Christmas Windows: Stores Dress Up Again For Holiday Shoppers



THE NATIVITY, in window of Carson Pirie Scott in Chicago, was inspired by Giotto painting and shows St. Francis of Assisi (left), who made first crèche in the 13th century.

"HAPPY HOLLY" is symbol of holiday spirit at The White House in San Francisco. Here Happy finds old toys in chest in attic; in other scenes he repairs the toys for needy children.



MOVING FIGURES enact traditional scenes of Christmas at Rich's, Inc. in Atlanta. Display includes carolers, dancing suzer plums, revolving tree and a Santa who comes down chimney.

V. Morgan Jones



FAIRY-TALE ANGELS, in Lord & Taylor window on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue: kneel for night-before-Christmas prayers.

TIME CLOCK

of small firms which make a business of turning windows into wonderlands.

The Violinist & the Pastry Cook. Two of the biggest are Chicago's Silvestri Art Manufacturing Co., which made the dolls for Lord & Taylor (*opposite*), and Manhattan's Staples-Smith Inc., which designed the Nativity scene for Chicago's Carson Pirie Scott & Co. Between them, the two companies gross well over \$2,000,000 a year, serve nearly 100 stores around the U.S. Silvestri specializes in composition mechanical dolls that cost up to \$1,150 apiece (\$18,000 for a complete set of 60) and can be dressed up to resemble a Viennese violinist or a French pastry cook. This year 37 stores and office buildings from Manhattan to Miami will have Staples-Smith displays costing from \$1,000 to \$75,000. Store owners credit the company and its president, Cecilia Staples, with some of the best windows yet designed. All are planned to the last ribbon, then built with every material from ermine to gumpdrops, popcorn and broken beer bottles to simulate amber.

GOVERNMENT

No Punishment for Success

Almost six years after the Government filed an antitrust suit charging the Du Pont Co. with a monopoly in cellophane and cellulose packaging products, Federal Judge Paul Leahy dismissed the case. The record, Judge Leahy declared this week in a 381-page opinion, disclosed "not the dead hand of monopoly, but rapidly declining prices, expanding production, intense competition stimulated by creative research . . . and other benefits of a free economy. Neither Du Pont, nor any other American company similarly situated, should be punished for its success."

FOREIGN TRADE

The Tariff Fight

The tempo of the debate on foreign trade was stepped up sharply last week. With the time drawing closer for the Randall Commission to submit its trade-policy recommendations, two trade organizations turned in fat reports. And the Committee for a National Trade Policy, headed by Detroit industrialist John S. Coleman, submitted nine proposals for breaking down tariff barriers.

Cause for Complaint? Though it took no position on foreign-trade policy, the National Electrical Manufacturers Association, in a 240-page report, told of stiffening competition from abroad: imports of electrical machinery and equipment increased elevenfold between 1939 and 1952, while exports only quintupled. In the first six months of this year imports increased by 50%, v. an export gain of only 9%. But the dollar figures showed that the industry has small cause for complaint: U.S. exports in 1952 totaled \$616 million, v. imports of \$27 million. And

HOLLYWOOD'S Eagle Lion Studios, Inc., which has been besieged for years, will be the first movie studio to convert entirely to TV. A West Coast syndicate (among the directors: Oilman Edwin Pauley and Broker Daniel F. Reeves, president of the Los Angeles Rams football team) bought Eagle Lion for \$1,100,000, will change the name to First National Studios Inc.

TIN prices, which jumped from 77¢ to \$1.83 a lb. after Korea, will be stabilized under a new plan just drafted by tin producing and consuming nations. Plan calls for an international stockpile of up to 25,000 tons which would be used to keep prices between 80¢ and \$1.20 a lb. (present price: 80¢) by releasing tin in times of scarcity, buying it up in times of oversupply. The plan probably won't be okayed by the U.S., but it can go into effect anyway under the auspices of an international tin council if enough of the six producing and 18 consuming nations agree.

PIONEER Air Lines, in trouble since it bought nine Martin transports and then couldn't afford to use them (*TIME*, March 30), will merge with Continental Air Lines for about \$600,000 in cash and 65,000 shares of Continental stock.

OIL producers in the Williston Basin may soon have a pipeline to carry their crude oil to Midwest refineries. A committee representing eleven producers (among them: Shell and Socony-Vacuum) has asked the Shell Pipe Line Corp. to start studies for a large-diameter line.

THE silver-fox industry in Canada, whose sales dropped from \$5,000,000 to \$463,000 in 13 years, is trying to make a comeback. Breeders will soon kick off \$75,000 campaign to popularize new styles, colors and name (probably Crystal Fox).

COCA-COLA has finally won its four-year court battle with French winegrowers and mineral-water bottlers, who (along with the Communists) hinted that its secret

formula contained harmful ingredients. A Paris court threw the case out after experts said that Coke was "neither harmful, nor habit-forming, nor against the existing laws."

DUTCH businessmen, taking a cue from Britain's trawler dealings with Russia (*TIME*, Dec. 7), are planning a private mission to regain some of their former trade with China. Exporters, who anticipate tacit government consent, say they will ship no strategic goods, hope to do business in textiles, industrial machines and railroad equipment.

DOUGLAS Aircraft, whose DC-7 has just gone into transcontinental service (*TIME*, Nov. 30), is building a heavier DC-7B with 4,000-mile range (plus 16% fuel reserve) for ocean flying. Pan American has placed a \$14 million order for seven, will put them into service in 1955, probably to Europe and South America.

PONTIAC, following the trend to super-deluxe models, will turn out a new Star Chief line in 1954 only two inches shorter overall (213 in.) than this year's Cadillac, and priced to compete with medium-priced Buicks and Oldsmobile 88. Features, besides fancier trim: new springs, higher horsepower (up to 127), as much as 40% more trunk space and a driver's seat with multiple adjustments.

BELL Telephone Laboratories, Inc. has installed an experimental booth in Boston's South Station that has no conventional instrument—just a speaker and small microphone recessed in the wall, leaving a caller's hands free to jot down notes.

UNITED Aircraft Corp., which makes both engines (Pratt & Whitney) and planes (Chance-Vought), has decided to concentrate on engines because the combined business has put both divisions at a disadvantage in dealing with outside firms. If United stockholders approve, Chance-Vought will become a separate company and apply for a listing on the New York Stock Exchange.

imports are still only a tiny fraction of domestic output (about $\frac{1}{3}$ of 1%).

The Synthetic Organic Chemical Manufacturers Association flatly opposed tariff reductions. It argued in its 200-page report that "tariff cuts would be a cruel deception to the American people because they wouldn't begin to accomplish their proclaimed objective of 'trade, not aid.'" A lower protective tariff, said the association, which includes Du Pont, Dow Chemical Co. and General Aniline & Film Corp., would cut back production of essential chemicals, halt expansion plans and force the industry to curtail its \$204 million-a-year research program. The industry is itself the product of protective tariffs, said the report; it got its start when chemical imports from Germany

were cut off in World War I and was built up by a postwar tariff policy.

Special Assistance. On the other side, Free-Trader Coleman, who had already appeared personally before the commission (*TIME*, Nov. 9), offered his committee's detailed report, arguing that "total national interest" rather than special private interests be used to decide trade policies. Among its proposals: give the President the power to negotiate reciprocal trade agreements to run for at least five years, eliminate the "Buy American" Act, simplify customs procedures, gradually reduce tariffs and quotas. Elimination of all tariffs, the committee said (though not advocating it), would affect fewer than 1% (215,000 to 465,000) of all U.S. workers.

RED UNIONS

How to Clean House

WE... must resort to all sorts of stratagems, artifices, illegal methods, to evasions and subterfuges... to get into the trade unions, to remain in them, and to carry on Communist work within them at all costs."

So wrote Lenin, and Communists obediently burrowed deep into U.S. labor unions in the '30s. Since then, the A.F.L. has cleaned house; by 1950, eleven Communist-run unions had been thrown out of the C.I.O. But Communist labor bosses, despite exposure of their Red ties by congressional committees, have managed to keep control of seven independent unions and of scattered locals within the C.I.O. and A.F.L. Altogether, these little Politburos still control some 500,000 members, or about 3% of all union members, some of them in the nerve centers of U.S. industry.

The largest Red-run union, the United Electrical, Radio & Machine Workers of America (U.E.), has contracts with hundreds of plants, including such giants as Westinghouse and General Electric, and has about 100,000 members. More than a third of the workers in plants of International Harvester, which makes Garand rifles and Army trucks, are members of the Communist-bossed Farm Equipment-United Electrical Workers. The Red-dyed Mine, Mill & Smelter Workers Union has a strong hold on U.S. production of defense metals, from copper to uranium. Party-liners are in control of the American Communications Association, bargaining agent for 5,000 Western Union employees in New York, and Communist Harry Bridges' 75,000 International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union could tie up West Coast and Hawaiian ports.

Few of the members of these Red run unions are Communists themselves; only the bosses are. Why then do loyal American workers keep them in power? The chief reason is that rank & filers really believe that their leaders deliver the goods. Attacks on their loyalty are brushed off as union-busting propaganda.

Why do employers recognize a union if they know that it is Communist-controlled? Labor leaders have charged that some employers play ball with Communists in jurisdictional disputes to keep their workers divided, and General Electric once publicly stated that "we do not [have a] preference" between a Communist union and a non-Communist one. But the big reason why Communist labor lead-

ers stay in power is that, under the law, employers must treat Red-run unions exactly as they would any other. Employers can fire workers for Communist activity, as General Electric announced last week that it intends to do, but such a policy does not touch the Red labor leaders.

The Taft-Hartley Act attempted to break Communist control of unions by requiring officers of labor unions to sign non-Communist affidavits before their unions could be certified as bargaining agents. This section in the law has been a flop. Officers of Communist-run unions have simply resigned formally from the party, signed an affidavit, then continued their Red activities as before. Nevertheless, the NLRB has been ordered by the courts to take the affidavits at face value and to certify the unions.

Two bills have been introduced into the Senate to enable the NLRB to de-certify Red-dominated unions as bargaining agents. Under both bills, if the Subversive Activities Control Board decided a union was Communist-dominated, the NLRB would withdraw its certification. But Board action against Reds in the past has proved to be a cumbersome procedure.

Moreover the C.I.O. is against any such law for fear it might some day be abused and be used to de-certify almost any union.

The Justice Department is also considering 1) putting the names of Communist-run unions on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations and barring companies with defense contracts from employing anyone who belongs to them, and 2) broadening the Government's personnel security program to cover workers in defense plants. But both procedures would penalize union members, most of whom are not Communists, but not touch their leaders.

The best and simplest way to strip Communist labor bosses of their power would be to empower the NLRB to look behind their affidavits and to withhold or revoke certification of their unions. The NLRB could also be empowered to determine to its own satisfaction whether a union's nominal officers are its actual leaders, de-certify it if the officers are only front men for Communists. The great virtue of this method is that it would limit the issue to the real truth or falsity of a union leader's affidavit. All workers would have to do to get back their union's bargaining privileges would be to elect new officers who are not Communists or Communist tools.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Fit for a Queen

Rarely does her Coronation has Britain's Queen Elizabeth been photographed without earrings. Thanks to the quickness of English women to copy the Queen, Britain's jewelers, long pinched by heavy excise tax (now 75%), are enjoying a new flush of prosperity. Sales of London's Cohn & Rosenberger, Ltd., one of Britain's largest earring manufacturers, have soared about 400% this year. So widespread is the earring fad that in Birmingham, center of the trade, some factories have fallen nine months behind demand, and one has stopped making everything else to catch up.

At first, stud and hoop earrings were the fashion; now it is pendants. Manufacturers are taking no chances of missing the next turn of fashion, but they are not worried that earrings will ever go out of style. Reason: 30% of Britain's earring wearers now have pierced ears, v. only 5% two years ago. At that time, Cyril Wilkinson, an ear piercer, appeared on BBC's most popular television program, *What's My Line?* He told of piercing the ears of the Queen Mother, Queen Elizabeth, the Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester. Wilkinson is now piercing ten times as many ears as he did two years ago, which delights the jewelers; women with pierced ears become permanent customers.

The Japanese Sandmen

In the middle of a gloomy, unheated factory building in Yokohama, a group of Japanese and American businessmen solemnly lined up last week behind a white-robed Shinto priest and faced a bright orange-colored power shovel. Waving branches of the *sakaki* (sacred tree) before a makeshift altar, the priest intoned: "On this felicitous occasion, we pray for the continued magnanimity of the gods in showing favor to this undertaking."

With this ceremony, the first of a new line of earth-movers, excavators and powdered dump cars came off the assembly line in Japan. If the gods do look favorably on the enterprise, it will be because of the foresight of Julien R. Steelman, 47, president of Milwaukee's Koehring Co., which supplied know-how and a small amount of capital, and Japanese Industrialists Toshio Doko and Hiroyuki Hayashi, heads of Ishikawajima Heavy Industry, which furnished most of the capital and a plant. Together they formed the Ishikawajima-Koehring Co., to provide Japan with the tools for some of its major construction projects, notably a vast hydroelectric program of the government.

Choosing Partners. When the program was drawn up two years ago, it was only natural that Japan's construction firms turned to Koehring Co. for equipment. Koehring provides much of the concrete-handling equipment for giant dams in the U.S. (the company's estimate: 50% to 90%), as well as earth-moving machines. But Steelman not only knew that it is best to build heavy equipment where it is going to be used, but that the Japanese



Big licks for sugar!

Read how banks have helped the sugar industry satisfy America's sweet tooth

Like every other major American industry, sugar needs the help of many outside agencies to put its product in the consumer's hands.

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Here's how bankers help.

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But the bankers don't stop there.

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How you help

Believe it or not, you are an important person in all these sugar loans. Specifically, it's your money—the

money you invest or deposit in your bank that builds up a kitty big enough to help American industry when it wants ready cash on short-term conditions.

When banks put your money to work everyone benefits. Putting money to work provides jobs for men and women, thereby helping to stabilize the whole economy and maintain the standard of living for all.

So much for bankers and sugar, except to say that apropos of the candy cane above, the Chase National Bank wishes everyone a very Merry Christmas!

The CHASE National Bank
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

(Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation)

lacked dollars for large-scale imports.

So he decided to go into business with Ishikawajima, which had built engines for Zero fighters during the war, and post-war had switched some of its machines into the manufacture of textile machinery. Koehring Co. took one-fourth of the stock in the new company and a royalty of 5% on gross sales. In return, it gave its technical help, and undertook to train Japanese technicians in the U.S. Since then, the company has turned out \$1,000,000 worth of cement-handling equipment, increased its backlog to \$700,000.

Changing Designs. The huge earth-moving projects planned by the Japanese should assure the magnanimity of the gods for years to come. The hydroelectric program called for adding 3,000,000 kilowatts in five years (equal to 36% of Japanese capacity at that time), by building new dams as well as replacing low dams (that become useless when river waters are low) with high dams. The government also has a \$1 billion roads program and plans for a new Tokyo reservoir that will require the sixth highest dam in the world and the biggest in the Orient (480 ft. high, 1,122 ft. long).

To help in these and other projects, the Japanese government has approved 293 technical-assistance agreements, 95% of them with American firms. But Koehring's is the first in the field of earth-moving and cement-handling machines. The Japanese business should eventually mean a sizable increase in the Koehring Co.'s sales, now running about \$26 million a year (1952 net: \$1,139,991).

For their part, the Japanese are happy. Says Hayashi, managing director of the plant: "They are most understanding and are ready to work out new specifications to fit our needs. This has really amazed us, since most American or other foreign firms do not like to change specifications to meet Japanese demands."



PARTNERS DOKO, STEELMAN & HAYASHI
From foresight and the magnanimity of the gods.

INDUSTRY

On the Hook

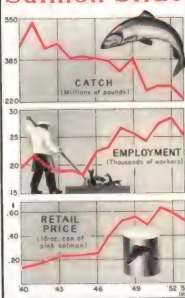
Only a few years ago the salmon industry in the Pacific Northwest and Alaska was a booming, \$100-million-a-year business. Now it is gasping and dying. Last week salmon fishermen estimated that sales in 1953 will drop to \$55 million, and that this year's catch will be the second smallest in 40 years.

At emergency meetings from Seattle to Ketchikan, worried canners frankly placed the blame squarely where it belonged—on the industry itself. Said Vance Sutter, president of the Association of Pacific Fisheries: "We got out on a comfortable limb—shortsightedly and blithely. Now the limb's been sawed out from under us, and most of the time we wielded the saw."

Sutter's own Fidalgo Island Packing Co., which used to can more than 100,000 cases annually (value: as high as \$2,500,000), will turn out only 45,000 cases this year, and Sutter wonders if even all of that number can be sold. He alone figures to lose \$450,000, and the others—Pacific American Fisheries, Libby-McNeil & Libby, A. & P.'s Nakat Packing Corp., Del Monte Brand's Alaska Packers Association—have all been hit hard. The industry expects to lose close to \$15 million. To top it all off, the Federal Trade Commission last month accused 43 packers and eleven labor unions of conspiring to fix prices. FTC also charged that negotiation of raw-fish prices between the unions and packers has resulted in exorbitant retail prices to consumers.

Production. The industry can trace its trouble back before World War II, when salmon was king of the market, selling almost 9,000,000 cases v. only about 3,000,000 cases of tuna, the nearest competitor. During the war, the demand, with the Government buying 80% of the catch,

Salmon Slide



From Current & 2, Smithsonian

was always far ahead of supply. Temporarily sure of their market, the packers forgot about advertising, shrugged off climbing costs, left it up to the brokers who sold the catch to keep up consumer interest in salmon.

After OPA ceilings went off, prices shot up from \$12 to \$20 a case in 1947, and to \$24 a year later. Packers' costs climbed even faster, about 48% since 1940. Fishermen who got an average of 8½¢ apiece for their fish in 1940, raked in 50¢ in 1951. Pay rates in canneries rose nearly 80¢ an hour.

The first forecast of disaster came in 1946, when the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service reported that the salmon were disappearing; the catch was less than 4,000,000 cases, the smallest since 1927. This year the pack will drop to 2,800,000 cases, and 27 of the Northwest's 121 canneries have already gone out of business. Furthermore, low-cost tuna has inherited a large part of the market, outselling high-priced salmon.

Reproduction. At their meetings last week, the salmon packers planned to save their industry by a \$1,000,000 advertising campaign in cooperation with other interested industries (i.e., U.S. Steel) and a widespread conservation program to bring back the salmon. The new rules call for 50% fewer nets and traps in 1954 in order to let more salmon escape to the breeding areas, more and better scientific research to help the salmon breed successfully, a Government-aided program such as the one that helped to build up the salmon runs in Canada's Fraser River (TIME, Sept. 23, 1946).

Meanwhile, canners will try to bargain down the price of raw fish. For this, the FTC price-fixing complaint may be a blessing in disguise. If the Government wins its case, fishermen have to bargain individually for the price of their



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fish instead of having the union bargain for the entire fleet.

The powerful fishermen's unions plan a bitter fight to keep raw-fish prices at their current high levels, since a sizable drop would force hundreds of small fishermen out of business. Nevertheless, says the packers' President Sutter, "You just can't go on running a 3,000,000 pack industry with a work force geared to a 6,000,000 pack industry."

LABOR

Merry in His Oldsmobile

As a test driver for South Bend's Studebaker Corp., Elmer Kovach spent his working days putting Studebakers through their paces. But in his off hours, Kovach preferred to drive a 1953 Oldsmobile. This preference soon got Kovach in trouble with fellow members of the United Auto Workers' (C.I.O.) Local 5



Roger Beale—South Bend Tribune
TEST DRIVER KOVACH
He drove the wrong car.

in the plant. One day last summer, two union stewards dropped by with a little advice. It might be a good idea, they said, to trade his Olds in on a Studebaker; the union had decided workers should drive nothing but Studebakers, since it was a matter of jobs in a tightening auto market. Kovach flatly refused. Shortly afterward, at the request of the union, Kovach was laid off, along with 14 other workers who had refused to buy Studebakers. Explained a union official: "As long as I can remember, the rule around here has been that Studebaker employees drive Studebaker automobiles."

Four of the 15 soon were driving Studebakers—and were back at work. But Kovach appealed his dismissal to the National Labor Relations Board, arguing that under the Taft-Hartley Act it was unfair for the company to fire him to

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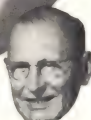
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NEW ISSUE

\$207,000,000

Erie Mining Company

First Mortgage 4¼% Bonds, Series A

Due July 1, 1983

Pursuant to purchase agreements negotiated by the undersigned, the Company has agreed to sell to a group of institutional investors, in instalments, up to \$114,000,000 of the above-described Bonds. The Company has also agreed to sell to Bethlehem Steel Corporation, a stockholder of the Company, up to \$93,000,000 of such Bonds.

Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

December 4, 1953

enforce any union rule unrelated to the payment of union dues. Said he: "I work my 40 hours, earn my pay. What I do with my money is my own business." Last week the NLRB agreed with Kovach, cited both union and Studebaker for an unfair labor practice.

UTILITIES

Partners' Program

In a spacious ballroom of Seattle's Olympic Hotel last week gathered the Pacific Northwest's electric-power men to take up a vast regional problem. Even without any large new industrial expansion, the Northwest by 1970 will need a minimum of 6,450,000 kw. of new generating capacity, 55% more than at present, and far more than will be supplied by such new federal dams as Hungry Horse. McNary and Chief Joseph. To help supply this staggering increase, Montana Power Co. President John E. Corette unfolded a dramatic plan inspired by Ike Eisenhower. The President had suggested a partnership plan for building big multi-purpose dams, with local groups picking up the tab for generating equipment and the dams themselves, and the Government shouldering the cost of flood control, navigation, etc. This is exactly what Corette's company and five others* plan to do. They have formed a corporation to go partners with the Government on big multi-purpose dams on the Columbia River and its tributaries, the first time that private utilities have considered building dams of such magnitude.

Public-power advocates did not jump to their feet to cheer the utilities' plan. But for the Northwest, where power is more potent politics than patronage, the criticism was encouragingly muted. Public Powerite Glen Smothers, manager of Washington's ambitious Grant County P.U.D. (public utility district), gave full support to the utilities' plan: "Their program is a good one."

Actually, the P.U.D.s had already drawn up some plans for similar partnership power projects. At Rocky Reach on the Columbia, Washington's Chelan County P.U.D. hopes to build a nine-unit \$234,340,000 dam that will produce 600,000 kw. of power. The Grant County P.U.D. has already asked Congress to authorize an even bigger project: an estimated \$400 million dam at the Columbia's Priest Rapids that will produce 1,200,000 kw.

There were still some problems to overcome, however, before work could start on the utility companies' dams. No sites have been picked. Moreover, public-power enthusiasts are determined that the utilities get none, unless their plans fit in with a program for full development of the Columbia River Basin. Utility men assured them that their plan would, and hoped that it would mean a new era of good feeling in the Northwest.

* The others: Idaho Power Co., Pacific Power & Light, Washington Water Power, Mountain States Power & Portland General Electric.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Bettine Field Goodall Bruce, 30, brunette daughter of Financier-Publisher Marshall Field III, and her second husband, Eldridge Bruce, 36, son of a Negro elevator operator and now a graduate psychology student at the University of London: their first child (her second), a son; in Huntington, N.Y. Name: Eldridge Jr. Weight: 7 lbs. 8 oz.

Married. Lucian Michael Freud, 31, tousled London painter, grandson of the late great Psychiatrist Sigmund Freud; and Lady Caroline Hamilton-Temple-Blackwood, 22, sister of Britain's Marquess of Dufferin and Ava; he for the second time, she for the first; in London.

Married. Freddie Bartholomew, 32, onetime Hollywood child star (*Little Lord Fauntleroy*) turned TV director; and Aileen Paul, 32, producer of TV commercials; both for the second time; in Yonkers, N.Y.

Married. Milton Berle, 45, TV funnyman; and Ruth Cosgrove, 32, onetime Manhattan pressagent; each for the third time; in Manhattan.

Divorce Revealed. Emanuel H. (for Hirsch) Bloch, 52, Manhattan lawyer, chief counsel for the late Atom Spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg (*TIME*, June 29); by Dina Pessin Bloch, fortyish; after eight years of marriage, no children; in Reno, on Nov. 30.

Died. Newell Jefferson ("Jeff") Cravath, 50, onetime (1942-50) University of Southern California football coach whose teams won four Pacific Coast championships before he was ousted because he had "lost the big ones"; of injuries suffered in an auto accident; in Calexico, Calif.

Died. Albert Coates, 71, globe-trotting, Russia-born (of British parents) conductor-composer; in Cape Town, South Africa.

Died. Franklin D'Olier, 76, the American Legion's first national commander (1919-20), president of the Prudential Insurance Co. of America (1938-45) and head of the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey (1944-46); after long illness; in Morristown, N.J.

Died. Charles G. (for Grey) Grey, 78, co-founder and editor (1911-39) of Britain's top aviation magazine, *The Aeroplane* (circ. 35,000), and longtime editor of the authoritative annual, *Jane's All the World's Aircraft* (1916-42); of a heart attack; in London.

Died. Jean-Joseph Renaud, 80, French fencing champion at the turn of the century, who refereed more than 100 clandestine (but rarely fatal) duels, spent his spare time turning out 63 popular novels, two full-length plays; in Paris.



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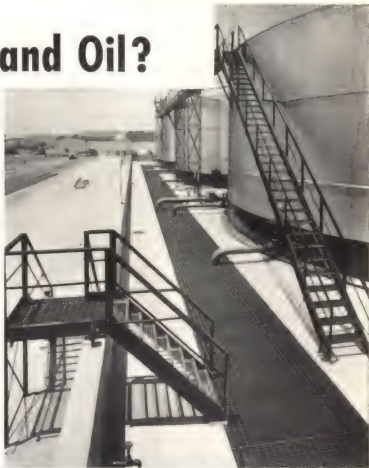
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CINEMA

In Hollywood

¶ Epicmaker Cecil B. DeMille was reportedly considering William (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd for the role of Moses in his forthcoming remake of *The Ten Commandments*. Cracked one columnist: "They went thataway, across the Red Sea."

¶ The colossal movie "première" of the week was Sam Goldwyn's *The Best Years of Our Lives*, Academy Award winner of 1946. Goldwyn announced that he will reissue his old movie in January for wide-screen exhibition.

¶ Restaurateur Mike Romanoff shrugged off rumors that his gold-plated hash house was folding up, by informing Cinemactor Humphrey Bogart that he was declaring a 5% stockholder's dividend for 1953. Stockholder Bogart smiled as Romanoff announced Bogie's share—\$50—then sored as Romanoff's waiter brought the lunch check: \$72.

¶ M-G-M's production of *The Student Prince* went before the cameras after a two-year delay precipitated by the temperamental walkout of pudgy Tenor Mario Lanza. The film will star British Newcomer Edmund Purdon, no singer, who will act out the songs, with gestures, to the sound-track voice of Lanza, who recorded the songs before he left the studio. Said Actor Purdon: "When I first heard [Lanza's recording], I thought it was full of excesses and a bit hammy. He sings as if he were in perpetual ecstasy. Then I realized how good that is because it gives me a chance to display emotion."

New Picture

Easy to Love (M-G-M), starring Esther Williams and Van Johnson, is not to be confused with an earlier picture of almost the same name, *Easy to Wed*, and another of almost the same plot, *The Duchess of Idaho*. In the first case, the difference between love and marriage should help in telling the pictures apart; in the second, the only real difference is that *Idaho* was shot in Sun Valley and *Love* in Florida's Cypress Gardens. All that matters, anyway, is that Mermaid Williams again wears a locketful of sensational new bathing suits, and any moviegoer who observes their contents with reasonable care will see everything of importance in the film.

In Shiva's House

In the mythology of India, the Himalaya is the home of the gods. Shiva and Vishnu wander through the everlasting snows on the ridge of the world. Thus, when European expeditions trail off into the mountains of Nepal, Buddhist peasants assume that the strangers are going to look for heaven. Last week the film record of the two latest Himalayan expeditions, put on public view, showed heaven and hell interlarded in some of the most terrifyingly beautiful pictures ever to move across a screen.

The Conquest of Everest (Countryman Films: United Artists) is a film record, in full color, of the 1953 expedition led by Colonel (now Sir) John Hunt of the British army, which succeeded, where five others had failed, in reaching the top of the world's highest mountain (29,002 ft.). The film has the distinction of being splendidly photographed (by Thomas Stobart and George W. Lowe of the expedition) in conditions where photography is about as easy as gathering edelweiss in an avalanche. It has also been intelligently edited, with a generally well-imagined musical score by British Composer Arthur Benjamin and a simple, sufficient narra-



MOUNTAINEER TENZING
Style to match subject.

tive commentary written by British Poet Louis MacNeice.

The style, in short, rises to the subject, and the subject makes the film one of the most fascinating ever made. In it, the camera records a passing event and its permanent meaning in a single enormous symbol: man against mountain. Yet the saving grace of the film is its unpretentiousness. The mountaineers move through the snow world in their bright blue suits, not so much like symbols through an allegory, or heroes through a legend, as like common men through a hard day's work at a job they love.

Everest begins, as all good epics should, before the beginning. Earlier attempts to climb the peak are described; the terrain is analyzed in a general way. Then, at a footnote, the script proceeds with the 1953 expedition—how it was organized in England, how the men were picked and

trained, how the equipment was tested—and at a footnote, it continues every step of the way to the top of Everest.

The use of this laborious method was the master stroke of the film's creators. They realized, as the makers of *Annapurna* did not (see below), that audiences must be prepared almost as carefully as climbers for the upper altitudes. The ghastly Himalayan heights alone, shown to the general public for the first time in this picture, are enough to shake the heart of any man, and the further sight and sound of a fellow human being, gasping on them like an expiring fly, is an experience more severe than even a horror-hardened moviegoer may care to undergo without a gradual preparation. Only by slow and patient teaching that the danger and the suffering must be understood and absorbed as necessary to a goal felt to be spiritual can the film lift up the heart of the onlooker to share in the triumph of the climax.

Everest, therefore, wears through almost a third of its 71 minutes before the expedition is safely stowed in its base camp at 18,000 ft. in the western cwm (a Welsh word that rhymes with doom), the colossal glacial ditch by which access to the peak is possible. From there to the summit is a lung-bursting matter of 46 days, with the camera dogging along for all but the last few thousand feet of the way. It sees some awesome things—avalanches down the vast chute of the cwm, in which ice blocks the size of a ten-story building dance along like pebbles; gaping crevasses whose sinister gullets lead down into a blue-green shade; the ominous huddle of the Everest massif, where three of the world's greatest peaks (Everest, Lhotse and Nuptse) lean threateningly together like three witches.

Foot over foot for five weeks, the 13 Britons and the 35 Sherpas—the rugged Himalayan porters led by Tenzing Norgay, one of the world's great mountaineers—drive up a jagged icefall of 3,000 ft. Then on to the face of Lhotse, the second witch, a moon-cold, 4,000-ft. cheek of ice and blackish stones. Ten days of chopping here, with every breath a ton to lift, and then a breakthrough—two tiny figures bobbing far above through the ice glare, like spots before the eyes—to the summit ridge. The excitement rises; the onlooker, tensed like the climbers for so long against so many obstacles, pushes forward out of his seat to be with the first assault team. Bourdillon and Evans, as they slog out for the south summit at least, and, God willing, the peak.

In the long wait, Sherpas sit brown and still as little Buddhas in the snow; the white men crack sharp glances at the heights; the bold English head of Colonel Hunt, snow-grizzled and weary, turns upward. Eleven hours later, the two are back. They have made the south summit; beyond, it was too rough. A camp is now established by Hillary, Tenzing and George Lowe at 27,900 ft. They spend the night there, and next day Hillary and Tenzing, the second assault team, try for the victory. Again the waiting at the lower camp, longer than before. Suddenly



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three figures are sighted, far up the Lhotse face—too far to tell . . .

The casual saunter with which the British team goes out to greet the returning climbers and to hear the fate of its expedition will go down in anecdote as a classic underplay in the British tradition. When Lowe, the first of the three to come down, gives the sign for thumbs up, a thrill shoots through the audience; and when the camera picks up Hillary and Tenzing, their faces shining like those of men who have been in paradise, it is a hard heart that will not beat faster, and a hard face that will not break into answering smiles.

Annapurna (Himoloyo; Mayer-Kingsley), a film that describes the 1950 ascent by a French expedition of the highest peak (26,493 ft.) ever scaled until that time, is as Gallic in a bad sense as *Everest* is British in a good sense. Compiled by Cameraman Marcel Ichac from the superb footage he shot in the Himalaya, the picture covers the same perilous ground as the bestselling book of the same title by the leader of the expedition, Maurice Herzog, and attempts to cover it in the same spirit—a peculiarly misty approach to adventure which one critic has punningly called "St. Exuberance." Failing in this, the script degenerates into the sort of sentimentalism that makes Herzog a superman in crampons.

In contrast with the British approach, the French team—or so the picture makes it appear—indulged in a curly-haired, romantic rush to the summit, a climax which is indicated in the film by an idealized painting of the peak, and on the sound track by peals of Wagnerian music. Actually, the Herzog expedition was a carefully prepared one, and the summit was achieved as a result of first-class mountaineering. The pity is that a tale of true skill and daring did not seem stirring enough to the moviemakers; they had to dish up a fifth-rate lyric poem instead.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Escape from Fort Bravo. High-styled horse opera, a worthy stablemate to *Shane* and *High Noon*; with William Holden, John Forsythe (TIME, Dec. 14).

The Living Desert. Walt Disney's first full-length film of nature in the raw. (TIME, Nov. 16).

Decameron Nights. Spicy stories by Boccaccio; with Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan (TIME, Nov. 16).

The Captain's Paradise. Alec Guinness as a ferryboat captain who manages to have a wife (Celia Johnson) and Yvonne de Carlo in each port (TIME, Oct. 12).

The Robe. The first CinemaScope film, starring Richard Burton, Victor Mature, Jean Simmons (TIME, Sept. 28).

Roman Holiday. Newcomer Audrey Hepburn goes on a hilarious tour of Rome with Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert (TIME, Sept. 7).

The Cruel Sea. One of the best of the World War II films, based on Nicholas Monsarrat's bestseller (TIME, Aug. 24).

From Here to Eternity. James Jones's novel about life in the peacetime Army, compressed into a hard, tensely acted movie (TIME, Aug. 10).



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The Year in Books

What would it profit a man to have read the bestselling books of 1953?

From the novels, he would soon have learned that good literary taste is not what keeps bookstores in business. Nearly half the big moneymakers were historical novels running the short gamut from the trashy to the commonplace, strong on sex, sadism and sometimes even history, but woefully weak as writing. There were a few well-carpentered time killers by such canny old hands as A. J. Cronin and James Hilton, an occasional thoughtful and readable story—James Michener's *The Bridges at Toko-ri*, Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny*, now in its third year of best-sellerdom—but not one new work of top-flight fiction. The novels worth cheering about—and there were several in 1953—had relatively scant commercial success.

High among the nonfiction bestsellers were books of personal uplift and personal adventure, advice on golf, a couple of cartoon collections. Dr. Kinsey on the human female, and the life story of an unashamed bordello keeper who could probably tell Kinsey a thing or two. Polly Adler's *A House Is Not a Home*.

In the main trends of the year, non-fiction outdid fiction, children's books had a boom (notwithstanding their dully predictable tendency to preach good behavior in barnyard parables), and a lot of good reading continued to turn up more or less unheralded. Finally, for the second year in a row, the *Revised Standard Version of the Bible* sold more than 1,000,000 copies, to lead all other current books.*

FICTION

With a few exceptions, the top-selling novels of 1953 were set in the long ago and far away. Danish Novelist Annemarie Selinko's *Desiree*, a sentimental historical about the adventures of an early mistress of Napoleon, fought it out for first place for several months with a holdover from last year, Thomas Costain's *The Silver Chalice*. At the end, both were overhauled by a new edition of Lloyd Douglas's *The Robe*, which, boosted by the movie, recovered the top place on the list that it first won in 1943. With similar help from

* Though not enough to overtake the venerable (1611) King James Version, this year, as far as generations, the King James was the nation's real bestseller.

BOOKS

Hollywood, James Jones's 1951 *From Here to Eternity* beat out James Hilton's *Time and Time Again*, Samuel Shellabarger's *Lord Vanity*, and A. J. Cronin's *Beyond This Place*. Jones's novel also had the year's biggest sale among the paperbacks, a reported 1,500,000 at 75¢. Another war novel, Leon Uris' *Battle Cry*, got in among the hard-cover leaders with a crude, realistic story about marines who had the virtue—refreshing in fiction—of knowing what they were fighting for.

Happily, while the old hands were reworking old formulas, the year also saw a succession of unusually good first novels. Ovid Williams Pierce in *The Plantation* and Jefferson Young in *A Good Man* wrote stories about life in the South that were distinguished by grace, dignity and good writing. George Lanning joined their company with *This Happy Rural Seat*, a mature story about middle-aged Americans. James Baldwin became a new Negro writer to watch with *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, a powerfully lyrical novel about religious fervor and human isolation in Harlem.

Even the Literary Guild, customarily little interested in unknown novelists, chose three first novels in 1953, and two were good. *Stephanie*, a story of difficult and subtle relationships among patients in a Swedish hospital, was the surprising work of Ilona Karmel, a Polish graduate

of Nazi concentration camps who wrote an adopted English that was both expert and moving. The other was Helen Fowler's *The Intruder*, an Australian novel about a mind-sick veteran and the family of his dead buddy. Another notable first was *Mr. Nicholas*, a whiplash dissection of a tyrannical London father by young (27) Briton Thomas Hinde. Two others, slickly competent, successful and considerably overrated by reviewers, were John Phillips' *The Second Happiest Day* and Charles Flood's *Love Is a Bridge*, each in its way an inconclusive excursion into the emotional difficulties of the comfortably fixed.

The richest, most exuberant novel of the year came from Greece, the work of 68-year-old Nikos Kazantzakis, a top candidate for 1952's Nobel Prize. His *Zorba the Greek* had a picaresque hero who, almost alone in the fiction of 1953, communicated the conviction that it is wonderful to be alive. By comparison, the chest-beating hero of Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March* was a neurotic wise guy—though Augie did better than Zorba in the bookstores.

Two books by Giovanni Verga, an Italian writer who died in 1922, still contained lessons for any fiction writer. *The House by the Medlar Tree* and *Little Novels of Sicily* were powerful stories about Sicilian peasants whose harshly tragic existence could not destroy their stubborn dignity. Another famed Italian brought out his first novel in eleven years; *A Handful of Blackberries* proved that ex-Communist Ignazio Silone knows where the rot of Communism lies and still has enough of his old novelist's skill to expose it.

One of the disappointments of the year was John Hersey's *The Marmot Drive*, the story of a Connecticut woodchuck hunt, full of murky meanings and pseudo-archaic Yankee lingo. One of the real surprises of the year was the belated bow in fiction of aged (81) Philosopher Bertrand Russell. His *Satan in the Suburbs* consisted of five stories whose weird plots and good-natured skepticism made for pretty good fun.

NON-FICTION

Religious and inspirational books, together with accounts of personal adventure, stole the show all year. After the *Revised Standard Bible* came the Rev. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's *The Power of Positive Thinking*—and it did nearly

1953 BESTSELLERS

FICTION

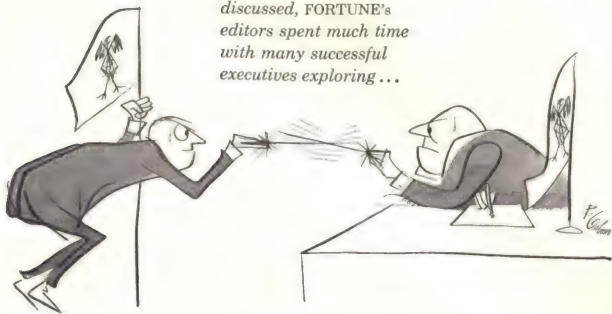
The Robe,* Lloyd C. Douglas
Desiree, Annemarie Selinko
The Silver Chalice, Thomas B. Costain
Battle Cry, Leon Uris
From Here to Eternity,* James Jones
Beyond This Place, A. J. Cronin

NON-FICTION

Revised Standard Version of the Bible
The Power of Positive Thinking, Norman Vincent Peale
Angel Unaware, Dale Evans Rogers
Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, Alfred C. Kinsey
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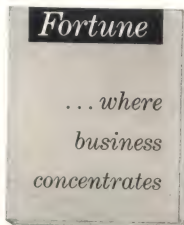
Also in the December issue, progress-making executives will find stimulating reports like these:

★ **THE WONDERFUL, ORDINARY LUXURY MARKET:** page 107. Luxuries, neither rare nor expensive, confound old-time doctrines and create a "special" market as big as the whole economy of Britain. Fifth in FORTUNE's widely acclaimed series on "The Changing American Market".

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will "take them every where the news is."



The New York Times Book Review

"I WILL NOW READ SELECTED PASSAGES FROM A CURRENT BESTSELLER."

as well as the three fiction bestsellers put together. Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* sold very well for an \$8 book, but even at some 200,000 copies, it was not the runaway that the trade had expected. It was only one of many books on women (Frenchwoman Simone de Beauvoir's disgruntled *The Second Sex* was another), but all the industry and argument that went into them seemed to leave the confrontation of the sexes pretty much as before.

The most successful adventure stories had a personal-narrative quality that challenged the year's best fiction. Two of the best, and bestselling as well, were by Frenchmen: Maurice Herzog's thriller about the scaling of Annapurna (see CINEMA) and J. Y. Cousteau's eerily poetic description of deep-sea diving, *The Silent World*. Finest of the field was Charles Lindbergh's recollection of his flight across the Atlantic in 1927, *The Spirit of St. Louis*.

Books on Russia, Korea, Red China and Communism kept the presses warm all year. Among those that stood out was War Correspondent Philip Deane's *I Was a Captive in Korea*. In an even voice, he told of 33 months as a prisoner, exposed the shockingly calculated inhumanity of his captors. Deane's book and S. L. A. Marshall's *The River and the Gauntlet*, the story of the U.S. Eighth Army's defeat in North Korea, would make sober Christmas presents. But there were two books of 1953 that thoughtful Americans can still profit from. Not so distressing, and highly informative as well as entertaining, was Admiral Leslie Stevens' *Russian Assignment*, a critically urbane look at the Russian scene during his 1947-49 mission as naval attaché.

There were other books, important by any standard, which never got their real due from the bookstore traffic. Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* skillfully defined a political and philosophical tradition, whose qualities are often misinterpreted, even by its friends. In *Five Gentlemen of Japan*, Frank Gibney explained briefly and readably what more

formal scholars have failed to explain: the Japanese national character, its breakdown in World War II, and the reasons why free nations can now welcome the Japanese to their company. Of the trickle of foreign books critical of the U.S., the most sensible and understanding was Italian Luigi Barzini Jr.'s *Americans Are Alone in the World*. The most gratuitous book from abroad was, by all odds, Briton Earl Jowitt's *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss*, which niggled at American jurisprudence and raised among readers questions as to the earl's competence to judge the nature of Communist conspiracy.

Among the many books that took the long view on man's past and his future, two raised enough big questions to keep the cracker-barrel set busy all winter. In a casually lofty historical essay, *The World and the West*, Historian Arnold Toynbee suggested that faithless Western man stands a fair chance of getting his comeuppance from Russia and the East, but who knows?—maybe not. There was no such hemming and hawing from Physicist Charles Galton Darwin. The grandson of the author of *The Origin of Species* played the old Malthusian game in *The Next Million Years*, saw ahead nothing but vast increases of population and ultimate world starvation. In a worrying world, Darwin's horizon scanning seemed like a worrier's luxury.

In a year that saw several valiant attempts at clarifying the gloomy science of economics, Robert L. Heilbroner scored a popular triumph in *The Worldly Philosophers*. He made the ordinarily dusty trip from Adam Smith to Karl Marx to John Keynes as clear and straight as anyone who ever took up the thankless job. Another popularizer, and a very practiced old hand at the game, Will Durant, showed up with *The Renaissance*, the fifth fat volume of his story of civilization. As usual, Author Will brought down upon himself the butts and ifs of scholars, but did the period up in a sprightly fashion that his critics must secretly envy.

There was a falling-off of books on World War II, at least of useful ones, but

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a few were important and a handful readable. Sir Winston Churchill wound up his great six-volume history of the war with *Triumph and Tragedy*, which carried events from the Normandy beaches to final victory, and ended with Churchill's defeat in 1945 at the hands of Labor. With *New Guinea and the Marianas*, Harvard's Samuel Eliot Morison completed the eighth volume (six more to come) of his U.S. naval history of the war, a job second in scope and flair only to Churchill's own. And from the U.S. Army came Louis Morton's *The Fall of the Philippines*, Volume 19 of its projected 87-volume official history, and one of the best so far. From the enemy side came documents of such varying value as Ciano's *Hidden Diary*, Franz von Papen's *Memoirs*, *The Rommel Papers* and Hitler's *Secret Conversations*, a collection of curious drivel that must have the remnants of his followers wondering how they could have swallowed similar stuff.

The normally busy Lincoln and Civil War branches of the publishing industry almost ground to a halt, but two fine items more than saved the day for the specialists. One was nothing less than *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* in eight bulging volumes, which brought to a close a 29-year job of loving scholarship

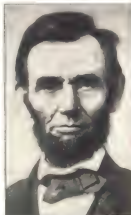
by the Abraham Lincoln Association. The other was *A Stillness at Appomattox*, the last of three lively volumes detailing the history of the Army of the Potomac. It was the job of a journalist, Bruce Catton, but no scholar had done it nearly so well.

Readers of biography and autobiography had the most interesting time of it, month in, month out. To be sure, the year's first big guns fired blanks. Carl Sandburg was curiously flat in *Always the Young Strangers*, a long reminiscence of his own youth, and Scholar Edgar Johnson was thorough but wooden in his *Charles Dickens*. But there were better things to come. One was an excellent first volume of a definitive biography of Sigmund Freud by a distinguished British disciple, Dr. Ernest Jones. Biographer André Maurois published his best book, *Léonia*, about man-eating French Novelist George Sand. In *The Traitor and the Spy*, James Thomas Flexner took a careful historical look at Benedict Arnold and Major John André in a book rich in excitement and scholarship. Irving Brant finished the fourth volume of his massive *James Madison*, which may yet (one more volume to come) turn out to be one of the most distinguished U.S. biographies ever written.

Two biographies tackled subjects from the great age of exploration and produced



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fresh material and absorbing stories: Bradford Smith's *Captain John Smith* (no kin) and Kathleen Romoli's *Balboa of Darién*. Two frequently misunderstood figures were straightened out again: Edwin Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, in Fletcher Pratt's combative *Stanton*, and a queen of England in H. F. M. Prescott's superb *Mary Tudor*. Among the remaining literary biographies, some were dull but useful (F. Holmes Dudden's exhaustive *Henry Fielding*, Leon Edel's first volume of *Henry James*); some were long on sympathy if short on brilliance (Reginald Pound's *Arnold Bennett*, Lionel Stevenson's able *Ordeal of George Meredith*); and a few actually enlarged their subjects' dimensions (Betty Miller's *Robert Browning*, David Magarshack's *Chekhov*, Antony Alpers' *Katherine Mansfield*). In one book that was not properly a biography, two well-known men told a great deal about themselves and about each other in one of the longest correspondences of the century. The *Holmes-Laski Letters* were part mutual-admiration society, part intellectual fencing match between an old-fashioned liberal and an agile-minded, often devious leftist.

Among the many books on art, two were achievements of the first rank. One was the U.S. appearance of the first four volumes of the British *Pelican History of Art*, a 48-volume project. The other was André Malraux's *The Voices of Silence*, a brilliant if tantalizingly subjective musing on art through the ages. In a year when books on flying saucers and interplanetary travel became commonplace, Jonathan Norton Leonard brought the subject back to earth in his informed and sensible *Flight into Space*. For humor it was a sad, unsmiling period. *Thurber Country*, a book of characteristic sketches, was James Thurber at his second best, but standing alone in a shrinking field, it was more than ever welcome.

POETRY & CRITICISM

The best as well as the most tragic news in poetry was made by one man: Welshman Dylan Thomas. His *Collected Poems* early in the year confirmed what had long been clear: that he was the finest young poet writing in English. His death at 39 in Manhattan was a bleak reminder of the standing of his contemporaries.

Poet-Novelist Robert Penn Warren received praise from the poets' critical clique for *Brother to Dragons*, but the sad truth was that this long narrative poem about a frontier murder was dull and prosy. In *A Hopkins Reader*, there was plenty of evidence, though not easy to read, to show why a Victorian Jesuit priest, Gerard Manley Hopkins, is still an influence on poets writing today. And of U.S. poets today, no better sampling came along than *New Poems*, ably edited by Rolf Humphries. The price: 35¢.

No major critic made a major evaluation in any area, but Briton V. S. Pritchett's shrewd and readable literary essays in *Books in General* could serve as a lesson in the appreciation of books for today's academics.



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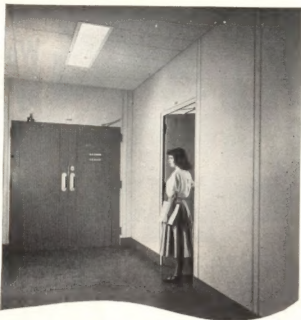


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MISCELLANY

Workout. In Baltimore, charged with turning in three false alarms, Alvin Anay angrily explained: "I don't like to see firemen sitting around. If they don't get exercise, they get stale."

Clean Sweep. In Littleton, Colo., police nabbed Pest Exterminator Edward Meier after he answered a call from Store Owner Rudolph Lemcke, efficiently cleared the premises of all mice and cockroaches, plus \$700 in cash.

Thorn of Plenty. In Phoenix, Ariz., Mrs. John Henry called in private detectives to track down the people who were responsible for sending her three sweaters, two pairs of tailored levis, a \$5 basket of gold chrysanthemums, a wedding cake, and a maternity wardrobe—all C.O.D.

Abstraction. In Seattle, John E. Trimmer told police that he had bolted his apartment door, put \$40 in a sock, put the sock on his foot and crawled into bed, next morning woke up to find the sock still on his foot, the \$40 missing.

Objection Sustained. In Gastonia, N.C., Judge George Patton declared a mistrial when a front-row juror broke into Defense Attorney P. C. Froneberger's loud-voiced arguments to complain: "I don't want you hollering in my face."

Hobby. In Indianapolis, a burglar broke into the United States Envelope Co. for the sixth time in nine months, left behind a note: "I do not steal for money. Just for a pastime. Thank you."

Life with Mother. In Milwaukee, Rudolph H. Kroetz got a divorce after he charged that his wife Helen had 1) started a fire in his bedroom when he refused to get up at 2 a.m. to talk to her, 2) slammed a door in his face, shattering the glass, 3) broken a bottle over his head.

The Puritan. In Arlington, Texas, after telling police how he and two companions had robbed a bank of \$26,000, Prisoner George Gallo declined a cigarette, primly explained: "I don't have any bad habits."

Reaction. In Buffalo, charging third-degree assault, Mrs. Arnold Kleindienst testified that, after she shoved a spoonful of hot cauliflower into her dozing husband's mouth, he "exploded from under the bedclothes," punched her in the jaw, knocked her down and placed his foot on her neck "with considerable force."

Chain of Command. In Newcastle, England, Farmer Charles Silvertop, 36, fined £150 (\$420) for drunkenly persuading the pilot of a chartered plane to dive at a ship in the Irish Sea, explained: "While the captain of the ship is always the captain, I regarded myself as the admiral, having chartered it."



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